JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 6, 1923. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIV. No. 868. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1923. TWOPENCE.

Moisten Thirsty "Flues" Cigarettes

Have the pleasing properties of the world-famed Irish growth of Turkish Tobacco.

10 for 6d. 20 for 1/-.

S. Morris & Sons, Ltd., London, E.

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

YOUR BROTHER HELL

by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

IF RHEUMATIC

DISSOLVE THIS IN YOUR MORNING TEA

Then watch the pains, aches, swellings, stiffness, and other misery disappear. They simply HAVE to go, says ALICE LANDLES, certified nurse.

RHEUMATISM can be caused in but one way. That is by acids and impurities in the blood. It is a universally admitted and easily provable fact that various organic or other ills and weaknesses are directly due to toxins, germs, acids, or other impurities. For instance, uric acid causes gout, sciatica, neuritis, etc., whereas stomach acids cause dyspepsia. In fact, most other ailments—ranging all the way from tuberculosis to a common cold—have definitely been traced to blood impurities, germs and toxins of one kind or another. Chemical analysis and microscopic examination of the blood prove this beyond the possibility of doubt or argument, as any standard medical work will explain in detail. Of course, various conditions, such as exposure to cold and dampness, or committing certain errors of diet, can make rheumatism worse, but the primary cause always remains the same. Therefore, trying to get rid of rheumatism without ridding your blood and system of the acidulous impurities which directly cause this physical calamity, is exactly like trying to get rid of smoke without putting out the fire. Pain-causing and kidney-irritating uric acid is no different from any other acid in that *it must be neutralised by an alkaline liquid.* Nothing else can have just the same effect, this being an elementary principle of chemistry, of course. It naturally follows that to dissolve, neutralise and wash out the rheumatic acids the liquids you drink must contain the necessary alkaline elements to be absorbed into the blood and act upon the acids.

IF YOUR KIDNEYS ONLY HAD WINDOWS

Then the cause of Backache, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Diabetes, etc., would be no mystery, and you would know what to do.

If you could only look into the kidneys and see the appalling amount of damage inflicted upon the delicate cells by uric acid and other impurities! About a quart of blood passes through every twenty seconds, and healthy kidneys normally filter out of this and excrete during every twenty-four hours more than an ounce of uric acid, lime, urate of soda, and various other mineral impurities in solution. The trouble is that these acids, mineral salts, etc., accumulate rapidly, and *do not stay in solution* when weakened or deranged kidneys stop filtering them out regularly. Instead of remaining melted and in liquid form *they deposit as tiny sharp crystals.* These grind about in the blood vessels, greatly irritate the kidneys, and lodge in joints or tissues, also in certain nerve sheaths, particularly those of the back and legs. As already stated, blood analysis and the microscope prove this conclusively. A still better way to prove it is by drinking a medicinal water containing strongly alkaline elements, which are soon absorbed into the blood and quickly dissolve, neutralise and wash the acids and impurities out through the kidneys. The pains will naturally have to disappear with the acids and toxins which cause them. Non-alkaline preparations cannot possibly produce the same results because uric acid, like other acids, is neutralised only by an alkaline substance. A level teaspoonful or less of the refined Alkia Saltrates compound (powder form) dissolved in a tumbler of hot water (or better still in your tea) and taken before breakfast is all you need, and it is pleasant to drink, having no bitter, sour, salty or other objectionable taste. Any good chemist can supply a few ounces of this compound at very little cost.

SPECIAL NOTE.—We are informed by Saltrates, Ltd (Dept. 246 J.), Euston Buildings, London, N.W. 1, who prepare a very high grade of Alkia Saltrates, that during the next ten days they are willing, as an advertising offer, to supply anyone interested in the product, with a regular 1s. 9d. size packet free if applicant cares to send sixpence for postage, packing, etc.

Your last chance!

JOHN BULL'S Great Offer

2/6 Everpointed Pencil FREE

Offer closes in 10 days

This great offer is made to introduce the 5/6 "John Bull" Lever Self-Filling Pen, complete with clip, solid 14-ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, and safety screw cap, equal in every way to Pens usually sold at double the price. Only ten days more! Sign the coupon now!

Available for 10 days only. "JOHN BULL" PEN DEPT., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Send me your new model 5/6 "John Bull" Self-Filling Pen complete with clip, on 3 days' trial. If I decide to keep it, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (postage free) and accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil as a free gift. If I decide not to keep it, I will return the Pen, with the Pencil, in new condition within 3 days from receipt.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

State if broad, medium or fine nib required. Should you desire to forward remittance with this application, cross P.O. "& Co.," and make payable to "JOHN BULL."

J.B. 6.10.23. Date.....

Flying Splinter results in LOSS of EYE

JOHN BULL pays £125 Insurance Benefit

THE deadly danger that sometimes lurks in the most homely of occupations is illustrated by the calamity that has overtaken Mr. A. Ross, 9, Gibson Street, Kilmarnock, Ayrshire. Mr. Ross was chopping firewood when the accident occurred. It is easy to picture the scene—the chopping-block in the backyard—the firewood piled high—the gleaming axe—splinters flying—and then, with dramatic suddenness, one of these winged missiles flies up with the speed of a bullet and pierces the victim's eye, blotting out the sight for ever.

But there was one ray of comfort for our reader after the awful consequences were forced upon him. He had remembered to sign the forms for JOHN BULL's Insurance Gift, and although we cannot restore his sight, the substantial cash payment which we have made will go a long way to ameliorate his unfortunate position. Think—Have YOU registered yet?

284 Benefits paid this week—Total now 8965

The New Benefits.

If you have not already done so, cut out and pin this list of New and Increased Benefits to your Registration Certificate.

FIRE

£400—against loss by fire to the reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£1000—in case of death of husband and wife directly due to fire at registered reader's home.

£500—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.

£250 or £125 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£2 PER WEEK maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

ACCIDENTS IN HOME AND GARDEN

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader:—

£250—loss of life.

£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.

£125—loss of one limb or one eye.

£5 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS.

£200—loss caused by storm, tempest or flood to the registered reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£200—loss caused by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.

£100—loss by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.

£100—loss by bursting of hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.

£200—loss caused by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.

£200—loss by damage by riots or civil commotion.

£1000—in case of death of husband and wife (permanently residing together) by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers entering for the purpose of robbery.

£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.

£500 or £250 in respect of each, for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£10—Medical Fees for injuries by violence caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.

£6 PER WEEK for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.

SICKNESS BENEFITS

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader:—

£5 5s.—for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax, and Tetanus (or *Lockjaw*). These benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

SPORTS

£250—in case of death if the registered reader be killed accidentally while playing—

Football. Tennis.
Cricket. Hockey.
Golf. Lacrosse.

as an amateur on a recognised playing ground.

£5 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

BOATING AND BATHING

£250—if the reader be accidentally drowned while as a pastime boating on, or bathing in the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river or public swimming bath, providing that the reader be not a professional swimmer or pastman, and that in case of boating, the boat be not a passenger steamer.

The simple act of filling up these forms ONCE fully qualifies the reader for the benefits offered and continues to do so as long as this Insurance Gift and the order to the Newsagent remain in force. There is no need to fill in the forms again except in case of change of address or change of newsagent.

CUT HERE

J.B. 6.10.23

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature.....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date..... .....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate verifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

J.B. 6.10.23

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

Date ....

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers, and beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Welton's Warehouse, 46, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A 20/- Capital and your living guaranteed. —Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 51, Houndsditch, London E.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade. How to start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only): list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 96, High Street, Manchester.

DRAPERS, Market-Men and Beginners. A postcard will bring you our free list of Remnants and Drapery.—Levy's, Ltd., 30a, Commercial Road, London, E.

CRYING DOLLS, with real eyelashes. Beautiful Model Dressed Dolls that go to sleep. Character and undressed dolls. Wonderful value and variety. For £5 we will send you the best sample range it is possible for any expert to select at nearly pre-war prices. Carriage paid and case free. Will show you 50 per cent. profit.—Edward Jones, 5, Briggate, Leeds.

GAS Mantles at nearly pre-war prices. All guaranteed perfect. Upright or inverted. Sample dozens sent on receipt of 3/-. Special prices for quantities.—Edward Jones, 5, Briggate, Leeds. Price list of other goods on application.

SHOPKEEPERS, send for Bargain List of Stationery. Xmas Goods for Xmas clubs.—W. H. Jackson & Co. (Dept. J.B.), Grimsby.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH!
CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to FREEMANS, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

AMBITIOUS AGENTS write for details of finest Agency known. No outlay. A money spinner.—Art Publishing Co., Desk B., Preston.

AGENCY (Spare time) offered to energetic and reliable men, regularly employed, to sell Drapery, Clothing, Boots, etc. Liberal commission. Cash or Easy Payments.—(Dept. J.), Ashby, 38, Friar Lane, Leicester.

AGENTS Wanted Everywhere.—Cheap, guaranteed Cycles. Splendid sellers. All British.—Harcombe, Sunnyside Pershore.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

SPARE-TIME PROFITS.—Become Agent for freely selling low-priced foodstuffs, awarded Institute of Hygiene Certificate. Beautiful package, easy, pleasant and dignified work. Profit nearly 50 per cent.—Garvin Bros., Ltd., 88-90, Leadenhall Street, London.

A FACTORY IN A KITCHEN.—New, fascinating, well-pd. Home Industry (patented). Stpd. addressed env.—England-Richards Co., 441, King's Lynn.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and Suburban Series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 669, 150, Strand, London, W.C.2.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for Particulars, H. Levaine (Dept J.B.), 142, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Feltham St., Nottingham.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in 20 London and Provincial Newspapers for 2/6 (24 words), 50 papers 5/-. Write for free list.—Camden Advertising Agency (Dept. YJ, 61, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

A WINTER COAT FOR 7/6

This elegant coat of ALL WOOL VELOUR with three way collar in nutria, or beaver coney, is invaluable for mid-season and winter wear. The pin tucks which form the belt and ornament the sleeves have and the coming mode. In Beaver, Grey, Nigger and Navy, unobtainable priced at 45/- with nutria collar, 35/- with beaver coney collar.

Write for patterns and booklet "Chic and Serviceable Modes."

Sent on receipt of first payment; satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. All garments made to measure. When ordering state length, bust and sleeve length.

LEACH & HARDY
Dept. J.B.
Brown St., Manchester.

CHEAP Printing.—1,000 Billheads, fr. 5/6. Handbills fr. 7/6 Memos, Business Cards, etc. Samp. free.—Creteway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

HOW to Write for the Press.—New Edition, 128 pages (from all booksellers), 1/9.—Posted. Wilkes, Publishers, Stockton, Rugby.

START Stickless Firelighter business with £1. Earn 10/-, 20/- daily. Apparatus, 12/6.—Partics. Redman, Thornton, Bdf., Yorks.

LEARN THE MAIL-ORDER BUSINESS—£3-£10 weekly easily earned in spare time.—Write, Clifford Inst. (Desk 6), 19, Clifford Rd., E.17.

START a profitable business of own. No risk. We supply everything. (Enc. stpd. env.)—Morris (H.K.J.), 145, Duke Street, Liverpool.

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING! WHY PAY SHOP Prices? Newest Patterns in Metal and Wood. Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc., Furniture, bedroom and general. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home in perfectly new condition. Send postcard to-day for Illustrated price lists. Discount for cash, or by monthly instalments. Established 25 years. — Charles Riley, Desk 16, Moor Street, Birmingham.

A SMOKE and a Joke!—Latest novelty, 1/- per box, post paid.—L. Soroko, 431, Romford Road, London, E.7.

CYCLE TYRES.—Guaranteed for long, hard wear, fabric lined, studded cover, wired, all sizes, 5/11, carr. paid. Tubes from 1/9.—Send for Illustrated Bargain List. — Weales (Dept. J.B.), Mead Row, Godalming, Surrey.

PEACH'S CURTAINS. — Autumn Window Draperies. Catalogue free. Largest selection Curtains, Sunfast Casements, Cretonnes, Muslins, Linens.—S. PEACH & SON, 141, THE LOOMS, NOTTINGHAM.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.D.), Ruston Road London, S.W.6.

BOOTS.—Buy Factory direct. Enormous saving. Agents wanted. Stamp for lists (L) and particulars, British Boot Co., Bristol

FULLOTONE
REG. TRADE MARK

A 15-Guinea Cabinet Gramophone for £7-15-0

BUY YOUR GRAMOPHONE THE "FULLOTONE" WAY.

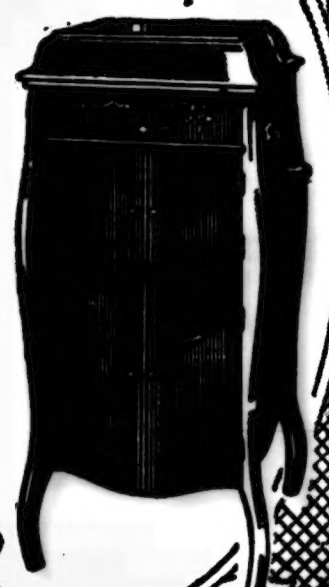
The "Fullotone," an instrument famed for its exquisite tone and perfect construction, can be purchased in a way which prevents all risk on your part. We sell only on the understanding that if the model you select does not give absolute satisfaction after a week's free trial in your own home, your money is immediately refunded.

Write for our NEW Illustrated Catalogue and details of easy payments.

Purchase direct from the makers means that the cost to you will be about half what you would otherwise pay. You save because our factory prices are free from any intermediate profits.

No. 2 CABINET GRAND.

A guaranteed perfectly executed inlaid Sheraton Cabinet model, mahogany finished, 3 ft. 4 in. high. It has a powerful Swiss double-spring 3-record motor, the famous "Fullotone" Junior Sound Box, ensuring faultless tone, accommodation for 100 records and all the latest 1923 improvements.



Factory Price £7.15.

or 6 monthly payments of 27/-
CARRIAGE PAID U.K.

A full range of 20 models can be seen at our showrooms.

THE CABINET GRAMOPHONE CO.,
Dept. J., 229, Gt. College St., London, N.W.1.
and at The Service Co., 289, High Holborn, W.C.

BARGAIN SALES.

CATALOGUE Free.—Boots, Suits, Costumes, Watches, Rings, Clocks, Gramophones, etc. Easy terms, from 3/- monthly.—Masters, Ltd., Rye.

WALLPAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest, from 2½d.; write for free pattern book. —Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road, Leeds.

VOL-PEEK mends your Kettles, Saucepans, Baths, at home, especially aluminium, copper, enamel, iron, tin, etc. A metallic putty. Simply push through hole, flatten and burn. 1/- packet mends 20 holes.—Storey (Dept. J.B.), 7, St. Mary's Road, Golders Green.

CYCLISTS.—SOME REAL "SNIPS" at slaughtering prices. 1/6: Air Tubes 1/6d Real Cable Cord Tyres, exactly half-price. Cycle chains, 1/6. Double Texture, 2½/-. Mackintoshes 12/6. Guaranteed Cyclometers 2/6. Flashlamp Batteries 4½d. Electric Cycle Lamps only 6/6. Guinea Trouser Stretchers 6/11. Safety Razors 4d.—For full particulars of these and hundreds more amazing bargains send for Monster 144-page Catalogue and Special Clearance Lists. They're FREE for postcard. Write NOW. It will pay you.—Moorhouse, Ltd., Dept. 66, Padiham, Burnley.

GUNS.—Thoroughly reliable, guaranteed English-made double barrel, 25 5s. Single barrels, 25/-. Cash or gradual payments. Send for list.—Thomas Wild, Whittall Street, Birmingham.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. —Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

FANCY Leathers, 18 lovely colours, 9d. sq. ft. Ladies, send 2d. stamp for set of patts.—Catt, Leather Works, Northampton.

HARRIS Tweed direct from Crofters, reduced prices. Patterns post free.—Harris Tweed Co., Dept. 37, 13, Lombard Street, Inverness.

EDUCATIONAL INSTRUCTION.

MASSAGE Experts wanted everywhere.—Enter this profession and earn 7/6 to 21/- per hour. Full particulars, specimen Diploma free. —47 Sinae Inst., Festing Grove, Portsmouth.

LEARN Dutton's 96-hour Shorthand.—Only 6 rules and 30 characters.—Send stamp for first lesson, Dutton's College, Desk J., Skegness.

MUSICAL.

BOYD PIANOS, world-famed for tone, touch, durability, direct from makers on their deferred payment system.—Catalogue in colours from Boyd, Ltd. (Dept. 6), 18, Holborn, London.

I WILL MAKE YOU A BRILLIANT PIANIST (have done so for thousands during twenty-two years) by means as simple as A B C, deeply interesting INTENSIVE system by post. A child could understand my illustrated method. You start as a beginner and PLAY before you realise an effort; or if a player, difficulties removed from first lesson. Send for my book (FREE), "Mind, Muscle and Keyboard." Postcard, with name (Mrs., Miss, etc.), and word to suit you—Beginner, Elementary, Moderate or Advanced—to Mr. H. Becker, 91, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments. Ltd. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 99, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

LIVESTOCK.

AFRICAN Grey Parrots, Amazons, Young Talking Parrots and Cages, from 40/-.—Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Arlico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 24-28, Codnor, Derby.

THE MANUAL OF WISDOM.—Mothers and every married person should write at once for this wonderful and extremely valuable Medical Book, worth many pounds, containing good, sound advice and special information of the utmost importance. Should be in every home. Sent absolutely FREE on mentioning this paper. —Le Brasseur Surgical Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. D. H.), 90-93, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Partics. free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

GOITRE, Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M.H., Specialist (Dept X.), Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Grays.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (1783U), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER WEAKNESS. — This distressing ailment in children, invalids, adults, quickly cured by "Parker's Remedy," 2/6 btl., p.f., or write for partics., "Routers," 133, South Castle Street, Liverpool.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Ruston Road, London, S.W.6.

NEW LIFE to Weak, Weary, Nervous, Pallid People. Thyroid Glandets restore youth, Energy, Vitality, Nerve Force. Never fail. No drugs. Free trial p.c.—Percivals, Ltd., 67, St. Albans.

FREE BOOK, entitled "Tobacco Habit Curative Method," smoking, chewing, antidote cure. —York Publications, 3, Cannon St., London.

ADENOIDS and Polypi cured without operation. Month's supply, 12/6.—Laboratory, 62, Newport Street, Bolton.

PILES Positively Cured.—Porter's Pileides have cured thousands. Safe and sure. Boxes 1/3, p.f., from Porters, 28, Rankeigh St., Liverpool.

BANISH VARICOSE VEINS.—Elasto Tablets supersede operations and surgical stockings. They make elastic fibre by uniting with albumen, enabling the system to cure itself. Scientific, Harmless, Natural, Permanent. Send for FREE SAMPLE and "NO CURE—NO PAY" terms, or send 5/- for Month's Treatment to NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. (Dept. 1511.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London.

RELIEVE Rheumatism rapidly with Indo-Balm. Guaranteed effective.—Post free, 1/6 per tin.—W. E. Leeson, Station Bridge, Harrogate.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them. 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

NEXT TIME you're "fed up" with endless stitches, remember this—a 2d. stamp to us will fetch you a free sample of "Mend-a-Tear," which will abolish stitches for mending. Remember! — Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.

100 Candle Power PIFCO 4 Hours for 1d.

Incandescent Gas Light
With Common Paraffin.

Safe & Simple, Just use a Match.

Beats Gas or Electric.

7 Days' Trial FREE.

Complete Lamp **30/-**

Send no Money. Write for Catalogue.

PIFCO, Ltd.,
94 High St., MANCHESTER.

Agents Wanted. Experience Unnecessary.

Order your cigarettes—by post

—direct from the factory—and save 25% to 33⅓%

Rothman Cigarettes are no longer sold by ordinary tobacconists and stores. They come to you direct from the factory—by post—a day or two after they have been made. You pay the wholesale price only—that is to say, you now save 25 per cent. to 33 per cent. off the prices at which the cigarettes were formerly sold.

The quality of all Rothman Cigarettes is such that you would never have any hesitation about offering them to your acquaintances, however high their social position may be. When you smoke a Rothman Cigarette you experience a sense of luxury—an indefinable something which you instinctively recognise as a true indication of superlative quality. When you have tried them you will marvel that such quality is possible at the price, and you will decide to smoke them—always.

PALL MALL Virginia

Made from leaf matured for 5 years in oak casks. Free from dust. Splendid aroma. Exquisitely smooth and cool smoking. Do not stain the fingers.

5/6 ~~7/6~~

Per 100, post free. Per 100 formerly.

500 for 26/10, post free.
1,000 for 53/6, post free.

Cigarette is reproduced actual size.

PALL MALL Turkish

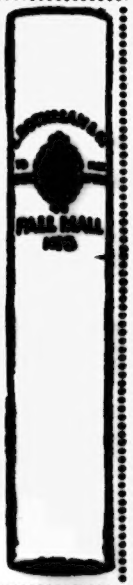
A large oval cigarette guaranteed blended from pure Turkish tobacco. Fully equal to others sold in shops at double the price.

7/6 ~~10/-~~

Per 100, Post free. Per 100, formerly.

500 for 36/6, post free.
1,000 for 73/-, post free.

Cigarette is reproduced actual size



Try 10 cigarettes—fresh from the makers—FREE

Rothman Cigarettes are sold in quantities of 100 upwards—at the wholesale price. You will appreciate that the low price renders it necessary to sell on a strictly cash-with-order basis—but you run no risk whatever if you order—we take the risk.

Order 100 or more cigarettes, smoke ten of each brand you buy—and if you are not more than satisfied return the remainder and we will refund your money in FULL. (You may order ¼ lb. Pall Mall Mixture and try ¼ oz. on the same terms.)

As a result of smokers taking advantage of this offer, we have more than 90,000 customers who now regularly order by post—what stronger proof of quality and value could you demand?

Tear out the Order Form at foot—fill it in and post to us. Your cigarettes will be delivered by return post.

Call or write

L. Rothman & Co.. EST. 1890

Head Office and Post Order Dept.:

(Dept. 85), 5 & 5a, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

City Depot: 26, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4

ROYAL FAVOURITES

Fine, full-sized Virginias, made from carefully selected leaf. Far superior to the ordinary "gaspers." Guaranteed pure and non-irritating to the throat.

3/11 ~~5/10~~

Per 100. Postage 3d. extra. Per 100 formerly.

500 for 19/9, post free.
1,000 for 38/9, post free.

Cigarette is reproduced actual size.

This cigarette suggests the opportunity for friends to club together and save the postage.

Rothman's GOLD FLAKE Cigarettes

By weight only. Twice as good in quality as other Gold Flake Cigarettes.

POST FREE.

8/- Per ½ lb. (About 200). **15/6** Per lb. **60/-** Per 4 lbs.

PALL MALL Smoking Mixture

Mild, medium, or full. Delightfully cool and of rare flavour. Minimum supplied ½ lb. In two cuts—medium and coarse.

15/- ~~20/-~~

Per lb. Per lb. formerly.

Post extra: ½ lb. 3d.; 1 lb. 6d. 2-3 lb. 6d.

To L. ROTHMAN & CO. (Dept. 85),
5 & 5a, Pall Mall, London, S.W. 1.

Please send—

Quantity	Brand	Wholesale Price, post free			£ s. d.
		Per	100	500	1,000
.....	Pall Mall Virginia ...	...	5/6	26/10	53/6
.....	Turkish No. 3 ...		7/6	36/6	73/-
.....	Royal Favourites, Virginia*		3/11	19/9	38/9
	*Postage extra: 100 3d.; 200 5d.; 300/400, 6d.				
		Per	½ lb.	1 lb.	4 lb.
.....	Gold Flake Cigarettes	...	8/-	15/6	60/-
.....	Pall Mall Mixture (Mild, Medium, or Full)	...	7/6	15/-	58/9
	Postage on Mixture extra: ½ lb., 3d.; 1 lb. 6d.; 4 lb., 1/-			Remittance enclosed value	

This order is given on the understanding that I may smoke ten of the cigarettes and return the remainder, if I am not fully satisfied, and you will refund the purchase price in full.

Please write clearly,

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Cheques, Money Orders and P.O.'s should be crossed | & Co. |. Register Treasury Notes or Cash.

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Week ending Saturday,
Oct. 6, 1923. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9266
Telegrams: Heroically, London

For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Where Does He Stand?

It is vital that Mr. Baldwin should summon Parliament and disclose his policy. The country is sick and tired of indecision and inaction. France says he has changed his mind. We want to know the truth.

Did He?

We hope Mr. Baldwin made it clear to M. Poincaré that the British loan to France is still costing the British taxpayer 6d. in the £. If France can arm all the little States in Europe she can pay her debts. We hope Mr. Baldwin made that clear too.

Nothing Doing.

If rumour is correct the Government is proposing to finance Germany in order that she may satisfy France. We can tell Mr. Baldwin in advance that the British taxpayer will have nothing to do with such an insane suggestion.

"Poor" France!

While our unemployed number 1,228,200, France has only 1,575. This picture of trade prosperity makes poverty as an excuse for non-payment of debt merely farcical cynicism.

Remove the Blunderers.

The mishandling of our international affairs has reached a stage when something must be done. Without plunging into a General Election, there should at least be a reconstruction of the Cabinet. Several gentlemen there have outstayed their usefulness.

At Last.

For the first time in seven weeks the Cabinet has met. It will need to work day and night if it is successfully to weather the storm of criticism that will break as soon as it faces Parliament.

An Amazing Decision.

International justice has been outraged by the decision of the Council of Ambassadors to award the Greek indemnity to Italy before the inquiry has been completed. Truly the world is morally bankrupt!

Make It Real.

The League of Nations' tardy declaration of its competence to deal with the Corfu problem has somewhat retrieved its position. This, however, only emphasises more strongly the need for a League of Peoples—not politicians.

The Allies' Chance.

Between the fear of a Communist or a Monarchist rising the German Government has at last shown real strength by giving Herr Gessler a free hand. For the first time there is a stable Government with which to get to grips on reparations.

Self-deception!

President Coolidge says America retired from the war without any booty. The mere trifle of most of the world's gold, now in her possession, must have escaped his notice.

Koming a Kropper?

The determined stand by the Governor of Oklahoma against the Ku Klux Klan is a wholesome antidote to the Mussolini doctrine that is oppressing Europe. The world wants freedom from terrorism in any form.

A Costly Joke.

The International Labour Office, which costs us £30,000 a year, has issued its first volume of statistics—mostly useless and out of date! What a farce!

Agricultural Blackmail.

The Government must stand up to the threat of the Farmers' Union to allow land to go to waste. A law to compel a fair proportion of cultivated land to pasture would be the right answer to that kind of talk.

No Food Taxes!

There is a pernicious move afoot to press for a return to a full system of Protection. To which we reply with all the emphasis at our command, "Hands off the people's food!"

Are We Doing It?

In consequence of the earthquake, a long list of import duties has been suspended by Japan. Here's a chance for British firms to get busy with supplies if manufacturers are alive to their own interests.

Blind!

While petrol is now cheaper than pre-war, there is no fall in 'bus and taxi fares. Public patience is exhausted, as these profiteers will shortly discover.

No Politics, Please!

The British Broadcasting Company must not allow political bias to creep into their news bulletins. Their job is to tell the news—not to comment on it. The introduction of politics is a dangerous precedent that must not be repeated.

Pinchbeck Callousness.

With £250,000 the Forestry Commissioners could find work for 100,000 men, but the Treasury thinks £50,000 is ample. It is a scathing example of the Government's inept handling of the unemployment problem.

Grandmother Again!

Although a shopkeeper may sell plums or peaches after 8 p.m. he must, if asked for a banana, reply, "Yes! We have none!" The Shop Hours Act has become a screaming farce and should be scrapped.

The "Zionist" Way.

When a native court in Palestine sentences a British subject to hard labour without hearing his defence, it is time to take notice. This is the result of meddling with "mandates"—the taxpayer pays and Britain is held in contempt. If we must stay in Palestine, at least let us have a British Consul there.

Housing Crooks.

The house shortage has led to the floating of many building societies that are pure gambles, and often thoroughly dishonest and unsound. The blame lies largely on the Government, whose failure to deal with the situation has provided the opening for such rogues.

From Muddle to Muddle.

The British Empire Exhibition has made another error by fixing 1s. 6d. as the admission fee. That extra sixpence will prove a severe handicap, and if the directors are wise they will remove it before it is too late.

A Growing Death-roll.

Public anger is steadily rising at the continued tale of mine disasters. The Home Office and the mine-owners must realise that the miners' lives are worth more than profits. The whole system of mine management must come under expert review.

Ha! Ha!

It is claimed that Borstal has now become something like a Public School. Readers of John Bull will be able to form their own opinions of such a statement.

Not a Bad Idea.

The Spanish Dictator announces his readiness to hang food and rent profiteers if necessary. A similar announcement here would do wonders. Nothing less seems able to bring these sharks to reason.

Nice For Us!

The United States Government has decided on stricter examination of canned goods for the home market, but consignments for abroad are to be exempt from this examination. And our authorities do not feel called on to act because they still hold that there is efficient inspection abroad.

Following After.

Once again John Bull's advice has been taken, and new and more stringent regulations governing street collections have been issued. It is a long time since we first demanded some check on what was becoming a real nuisance and a scandal.

Iniquitous Stubbornness.

The boilermaker's strike, now twenty-one weeks old, has thrown 60,000 other workers out of employment. Wages totalling £3,000,000 have been lost. Contracts have been held up, work has gone abroad. It is criminal stupidity in these days of unemployment.

That Anderson Report.

While we thoroughly disapprove of the Anderson Committee's proposals, we disapprove equally strongly of the silly strike threats of the Civil Servants involved. They have a good case for argument—they have no case at all for holding up the nation to ransom.

Replace the Coastguard.

Since the Coastguards were abolished, cocaine smuggling has increased enormously, and undesirable aliens find little difficulty in slipping into the country. To open our coasts to crooks is as foolish as it is unnecessary.

Be Thorough.

It is good to find the authorities moving against the bogus detectives who levy blackmail on women of the unfortunate class, but what about the real police offenders? Despite official denials they exist.

Cruelty.

Who is responsible for the return to the bad old practice of telling off uniformed men to warn employers of the past of ticket of leave men who are obviously trying to make good? Cruelty of this sort makes crooks out of honest men.

Housekeepers 'Fore!

Northampton Education Committee proposes to make a slight reduction in the salaries of certain teachers unless they can produce reasons "satisfactory to the sub-committee" why this should not be done. How about bringing along the wife with her weekly budget of rising prices?

Pestilent Postcards.

If a few plain clothes men now wasting their time laying traps for "bookies" turned their attention to visiting the many concerns in the country advertising "artistic" postcards, they might be shocked out of their belief that backing horses is the only vice that counts.

Not Creditable.

The police plume themselves on their detection of the Italian Countess who was dealt with at Bow Street last week for being in the country without authority. As a matter of fact the affair is anything but creditable to the police. But for a common informer they would still have been ignorant of her presence.

A Dirty Trick, Indeed.

Two telegraph repairers took shelter at the Travellers' Rest Inn, Oxspring, and were followed in by two constables in plain clothes. The men were not being served, but the constables asked for two glasses of beer. The proprietor was summoned, and fined £5. "A low down dirty trick," was the comment of the solicitor for the defence. And a bull's-eye.

Keep an Eye on Them.

Manchester's recognition of the necessity for a stricter supervision of its many public massage and manicure establishments comes not one hour too soon. In some the business is legitimate. Others are notorious amongst men about town, and the business done peculiar and undesirable. With greater powers in their hands the police will be able to make life hard for those who live by sin.

Inequalities of the Law.

Had George Hurley, who took a thirteen-year-old girl into a stable in Brudenell Road, Tooting, and assaulted her, knocked a man down and taken his watch, he could have been ordered the "cat." As it is he can't. Yet in the eyes of any right feeling man Hurley was as much a case for the "cat" as any robber with violence, as he was a robber with violence in the worse sense. His punishment is but two months' hard labour. No wonder such cases are common.

Dupes Who Pass Dope.

Before certain persons quote scripture against Blackpool landladies who refuse to let rooms to coloured men, let them help in arousing public opinion as to the slackness of our immigration laws. The truth is England is becoming known as the "snow" man's paradise, so numerous are the coloured dealers in the stuff. The latest is the Black Man's Café, where white girls are persuaded to "pass" the drug. Facts such as these make landladies jib.

The Unbending Judge.

So injured that he was unable to do even light work Gordon Bond had his compensation allowance reviewed by Judge Ruegg, K.C., at Hanley. Told by the man that he could not bend his back because it hurt him, the Judge exclaimed "Good gracious! My back hurt me when I tried to bend it, for half an hour in my garden." And he asked the poor chap if he wanted to "carry feathers." More sympathy than this is usually shown in Judge Ruegg's Court.

Big Business.

Improvement schemes go forward when business people get to work. Two millions sterling is to be expended on extensions of the famous Spitalfields Market. During the process slums will be wiped out. There must be corresponding statesmanship in housing the dispossessed.

Still They Come.

Judging from the recent statistics Cupid and romance depart together when once the marriage knot is tied. Divorce cases are steadily on the increase. Folk look for the solution of matrimonial troubles in every direction but the right one. What about the sordid and congested housing, and the uncertainty of employment?

Morality Impossible.

At Leigh there are one thousand homeless people. Conditions are so bad that an old man and his wife, a young man of 23, and three young women aged 19 to 25, have to occupy one bedroom; and a man, his wife, and their three children the same bed. Yet statesmen responsible for such conditions babble about an A1 nation.

No Pity for the Penniless.

Out of work and with nowhere to sleep, 92 poor chaps were passing the night in brick crofts at Cheetham when they were rounded up by the police. One of the charges brought against them was that they had no visible means of sustenance. Twenty-four of them were sent to jail, showing that in Manchester it is a crime to be poor and homeless.

Thank You!

What John Bull says to-day even City Fathers say to-morrow. Out of a register of 500,000 industrial workers, Birmingham has 40,000 entirely unemployed. Mr. Marshall Freeman told the Corporation there's a lack of vision, stunted commercialism, and want of big brains and enterprises in dealing with unemployment. Exactly what we've said ourselves, but never as rudely.

A Land Fit for Heroes!

Horror upon horror, is the tale of overcrowding at Swansea. Thirty-one people, seventeen of whom are children, live in one house; a man, wife and children occupy the scullery; and a mother, a newly born infant and four other children sleep at the foot of the bed in another room. Six families occupying a house rented at 10s. a week, but sub-let at £2 9s. 9d. a week! And we have a Ministry of Health.

Methylated Maniacs.

Although there have been forty prosecutions at Liverpool, the soul-destroying habit of drinking methylated spirits has increased. The majority of the victims are women, who, in private dwellings come under the influence of the poison. At some of these gatherings there have been scenes enacted that would make a Chinatown roué blush. When will the Authorities deal with this grave menace in drastic fashion?

The Lure of the Golden West.

The following extract from a letter from a Winnipeg reader speaks for itself, and fully bears out our recent remarks on Canadian emigration. "Conditions in this country are very bad, and unemployment is terrible. Still they send more from the Old Country. Honestly, some of the poor devils that are coming out here are next to starving, and have no prospects whatever. It really should be put a stop to, as we have more in Canada now than there is work for." Will not the High Commissioner take action?

It Might Have Been You?

There are countless little duties performed at home which are attended with considerable risk. Hanging up the pictures or chopping wood may seem innocent enough tasks, yet danger is ever lurking round the corner. Mr. A. Ross, 9, Gibson Street, Kilmarnock, was breaking wood in his back yard, when a flying splinter pierced his eye and blotted out its sight for ever. It is terrible to lose an eye, but Mr. Ross was registered under our free Insurance Gift, and our benefit to him of £125 will help to compensate him in his unfortunate position.

Excessive Zeal.

Since when has it been part of the duty of medical men under the Ministry of Pensions to read to those appearing before them lectures on the advantage of refusing information about their cases to the Press? And to whom the advantage?

Heroes of Grimsby.

The Grimsby motor fishing-boat *Eirene* drifted for five days, her sails and gear lost, and her crew short of food. Her skipper refused assistance, but took aboard supplies of food when offered them by the captain of the *Rugby*. "We shall reach Esbjerg," her captain said, "and while there's life there's hope." British tars are our men.

A Bit Thick.

Will the O.C. of the M.T., A.S.C., at Feltham, inquire into how many of the civilian clerks retained at his depot during the cutting down process have lucrative businesses outside, and if the dismissal of some of his best clerks is not a violation of the Army Council Instruction on the subject? We can supply him with a list.

Make them Permanent.

For several years a Royal Warrant has been in existence giving power to medical boards to make permanent pensions that have been in existence for four years. As the bulk of the pensions have been in existence for over six years, it is evident that if the warrant were used there would be little or no work for the army of doctors who hope to make their jobs permanent.

Bonnie Dundee!

The Councillors of Dundee have gone to great pains to institute a system of municipal and private restaurants by which pregnant and nursing mothers in need can get the nourishment they and their offspring so much require. In these days when the demand for an A1 nation is so insistent this effort is indeed commendable, and the example is one that might well be followed.

Crime Incubators.

A lad named Libby was sent from the Havant Police Court to a reformatory school until he is 19 years of age, for the heinous crime of breaking out of school and escaping on a borrowed cycle. At the same court a confirmed woman thief who stole £168 was sentenced to six months. This is one of the anomalies of our present legal system which appears to work on the policy of forcing bad boys to be worse boys.

Little Criminals.

We are told that juvenile crime is on the increase. If such cases as the following are included in the statistics, the statement is easy to understand. Five little boys, one aged twelve, one eleven, and three only nine, were caught with some apples in their possession which they confessed they had "scrumped." At the Wimbledon Juvenile Police Court each little criminal was fined 20s. and placed on probation for six months, £5 surety being demanded. One cannot be too careful with such desperadoes!

One Of The Greathearts.

Generosity on the part of a prosecuting employer is sufficiently rare to be worth recording. Mr. Patrick Collins, Walsall's showman M.P., has long been noted for his large-heartedness, and he evidently has a kindred spirit in Mr. Henry John Westow, one of his managers. When an employee was charged with theft and fined 40s., Mr. Westow promptly offered to pay the amount and reinstate the man if he would turn over a new leaf, and they left the court together. The world would be a happier place if there were more such employers.

"Wazir Ali's Own."

We have received from Syed A. and M. Wazir Ali a booklet of testimonials from many officers from the Quartermaster-General in India downwards, including the Officer Commanding the 1st Batt. the King's Shropshire Light Infantry, after reading which we are satisfied that there is not a better firm of Army Contractors in India and that the soldiers who objected to being nicknamed "Wazir Ali's Own" might go farther and fare much worse.

The Brute Estate.

Further tragedies will follow the poor-spirited action of the Bute Estate people who have foisted on the Penarth Council the death-trap, known as Maindy Pool, which has already caused the death of several people. The Bute Estate has refused to do anything to safeguard the public, and already this derelict pool has cost the ratepayers £30,000. The Estate must be made to pay heavily for the toll of lives its brutal methods have taken.

Meanness to Widows.

We have received what appears to be a justifiable complaint from a number of widows of men formerly employed by the Edinburgh and Leith Gas Commissioners. For many years ninepence a week was deducted from their husbands' pay to form a superannuation fund. The widows have asked that these contributions, for which no benefit whatever was received, should be returned to them. The Commissioners have, however, hitherto turned a deaf ear to all appeals. Their attitude is unspeakably mean, if it is not illegal.

An Old Age Pension Grievance.

A widow who recently applied for the Old Age Pension has reminded us of a grievance to which we would respectfully direct the attention of the Minister of Health. She was charged 8s. 7d. for a copy of her birth certificate. Seeing that in the case of young persons a copy of a birth certificate required for educational purposes may be obtained for a special fee of 6d., there seems to be no reason why a similar concession should not be made to old folk who have passed the allotted span and are in needy circumstances.

Poisonous German Prints.

At the Southern Police Court, Glasgow, a fancy goods dealer named Asher Snell was fined £10 with the alternative of sixty days' imprisonment for having kept for sale indecent prints, over twelve hundred of which were seized by the police. During the evidence it came out that the prints were imported from Germany. In view of our recent exposure of the extent of this traffic in moral corruption, we hope this prosecution will be only one of many to be undertaken. The obscene octopus who directs this deluge of filth must be destroyed.

The Widow's "Might."

Mary Fairlie, a widow with a war pension, whose home was a luxuriously appointed motor-boat near the bonnie banks of Loch Lomond, is now paying the penalty for her extensive frauds on poor working women of Airdrie, Govan, and Cathcart. She advertised for partners with capital for her mythical tailoring businesses, and after robbing them of their hard-earned savings, decamped with promises unfulfilled. The twelve months' imprisonment awarded by the Glasgow Court might help to mend her ways.

Bumble Again.

Things must be altered at the Market Bosworth Workhouse, where the local Bumbles have the aged inmates out of bed at 5.45 every morning. An old lady inmate, Julia Insley, aged 65, broke her thigh when scrambling out of bed in answer to this ridiculous reveille and died as a result. This poor old soul was but another victim to the brutal blindness of Bumbleism. And the gentlemen who control the destinies of the inmates of the Market Bosworth Workhouse call themselves guardians of the poor. Jailers would be a better word!

Woman Who Wasn't Wanted.

Unwanted in America, Emeline Greenaire, alias Guis, has been returned to England. She began her career as a "vampire" five years ago, and she is now twenty-one. Her first victim was a man she met at Norwich, where she was a fascinating barmaid. In London town they used up his £1,500, and then she took to the methods of the demi-monde. The man was sent to jail; Emeline went on finding victims. A ship's steward was one; another a man she stole from his wife. Going to America, she there found another love. Her record is one of shame.

Beaten.

The authorities confess themselves beaten by the mystery of the manner in which illegal operation quacks advertise. Close study between the lines of advertisements in the Press might help to solve the mystery. There are even experts who vaunt their skill in writing hidden meaning adverts.

A Lost Postal Order.

A reader who saw an advertisement of a "flesh and nerve food" sent 7s. 6d. for a month's course of treatment to S. A. Thompson, "Parisian Remedies Association," 4, Maclise Road, London. After waiting a fortnight he sent a reminder, and was asked the number of the postal order, as it could not be traced. He was able to supply this, but for two months he has waited in vain for the "flesh and nerve food." Has S. A. Thompson got lost as well as the postal order?

More Easy Money.

Under the heading "Easy Money," we commented six months ago on the methods of Eastoe and Eastoe, then of 665, Lea Bridge Road, Leyton, whose house agency business was being conducted on fee-snatching lines. We are now receiving complaints regarding Eastoe and Perry, of 257, Essex Road, Islington. This is simply the same concern under another name, and it is obvious that Eastoe has not yet lost his appetite for easy money. One poor woman who paid him 10s. at Leyton is still without the accommodation he promised. Can nothing be done to speed up these people or stop business of this kind?

Problems of Life.

THE FLAW IN THE JOINT

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

RECENTLY I have been having a rather expensive piece of plumbing work done in my house.

My advice to other householders who may be contemplating a similar adventure is that offered by Mr. Punch to persons about to marry—"Don't!"

When the job, which had seemed interminable, was at length completed and the workmen had taken their departure, walls were redecorated and the entire house spring cleaned.

How pleased we all were, and how relieved!

Alack-a-day!!

Within a few hours dark spots appeared on the new and delicate wallpaper in the most conspicuous portion of the best upstairs room.

Within a week it was utterly spoiled.

The torturers returned and renewed their devastations, removing casings and taking out fittings that had been painstakingly put in.

Then, and only then, it was found that the sole source of the mischief was a needle-point leak in an elbow joint of one pipe; so small as to be invisible to the unaided eye, and so slow in discharge as to remain undetected as long as it was freely exposed to sun and air.

It was when covered up out of sight that its cumulative effect began to spread and finally to show itself, too late for us to avert the ruin it wrought.

There are human lives just like my defective pipe—all right to outward observation, but with a hidden flaw.

Many a good man has a kink in his nature which none but himself knows of.

He is not able to master it or does not try to do so, and in the end it brings him down.

It is almost certain to cause trouble to others also, for no man can live wholly to himself. When a life goes wrong those linked to it must suffer with it, deservedly or undeservedly.

Nothing unsound should be allowed to dwell in that inner region where motives are made and destiny ordained.

What's in a Name?

Who is H. Percival who carries on a bookmaker's business at Crosby House, Whitefriars Street? Apparently the Registrar of Business Names cannot solve the mystery. Perhaps that official will seek light on the subject? If he requires aid we might help him.

Wheedling Wheeler.

From a Paddington address Mr. Wheeler offers "a unique scheme for helping Church and Mission Funds." This, incidentally, also involves helping Wheeler, who supplies quantities of perfumed soap for sale at Church bazaars, on the understanding that half the takings are returned to him. There is something immoral in this making profit out of religious work,' but Wheeler apparently believes in capitalising the Biblical truth that cleanliness is next to Godliness.

The Solution.

People pestered by circulars from touting tipsters marvel at the ability of such pests to obtain names of prospective victims. A circular from A. H. Murgatroyd, of 62, Fleet Street, offering to buy or sell lists of names and addresses of sportsmen partly explains the mystery.

Angling for Gulls.

That old tipster Arthur Gibb is still angling for gulls from 303, High Holborn, London, W.C. For the information of those who are unacquainted with his methods, we may say that his "Saddling Ring Gazette," in which results in the earlier part of the week are set out in such a manner as to lead anyone to suppose that he has tipped several long-priced winners, is printed and posted after the races have been run. It is easy to be wise after the event.

A Bad Introduction.

Macadam Smith and Co., 55, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, still appear to be very eager to induce people in this country to speculate in "1925 Paris Exhibition Bonds," for which they ask 25s., although these securities may be bought in London for 17s. 6d. They dilate at length on the good fortune awaiting lucky holders of these bonds, but the fact that readers have had to pay 6d. excess postage on their bulky unsolicited circulars is not a very good recommendation for an unknown firm.

A Football Coupon Dodger.

Thus early in the football season we are receiving complaints of the ways of coupon merchants. One concerns an individual named Taylor, of St. Joseph's Road, Lower Edmonton, who sends out tickets with the attractive title of "Safety First." A number of Edmonton readers lost cheerfully to him until September 15th, when they succeeded in marking their coupons for a nice win. Their cheerfulness was soon dispelled when they received their stake money only, with an intimation that he could not pay out.

Experts on Dishonesty.

The music-publishing firm of Shipley and Son, of Goldthorpe, are hereby provided with an opportunity to explain away their little fee-snatching graft which they work at the expense of out-of-work ex-Service men. They advertised for a "thoroughly honest man," and offered wages of £6 weekly. The hundreds of applicants were then invited to send 2s. 6d. as application fee to enable the Shipley gang to investigate the applicant's honesty. They state that the half-crown is "a distinguishing part" of this honesty test. Extinguishing is the right word.

Traps for Housewives.

A few months ago we warned readers against certain touting cheapjacks who distribute handbills describing a great clearance sale of unclaimed railway property and surplus government stocks, and call later for orders. Their circulars then bore the name of "J. Burnett & Co.", claiming to have warehouses in Mansell Street, London, and Russell Street, Leeds. The same gang appear to be operating now under the name of "Ward & Co.," with the same warehouses. Their goods are worthless shoddy, and complaints after payment are unavailing.

A Society Adventuress

FEW writers of fiction have told a story more gripping and dramatic than that which was unfolded last week before the magistrates at Bournemouth.

In the dock stood a beautiful woman, well-mannered, with a strange and undeniable quality of charm, richly and tastefully dressed. She bowed her head in shame, and pleaded guilty to the charges brought against her—charges of being a common thief, a hardened impostor, and an habitual criminal.

A few feet away from her sat Mr. James McLaren, a wealthy young officer who served his country well in the Royal Air Force in the Great War. He met the woman, who is now his wife, while she was running a war canteen. He thought her as good as she was beautiful, and devoted to the cause of the wounded soldiers.

And he had to listen in Court to the relentless revelation of her real and dreadful character. He heard her plead guilty to stealing a purse from a lady she had followed into a Bournemouth shop, a fur coat from a hotel cloakroom, and clothes to the extent of £40 from a shop.

The poor fellow heard it all in shame and suffering, and then appealed for mercy for his wife, declared that he had forgiven her, and that he would make compensation for everything she had stolen.

It is a sad story of a good man and a bad woman.

The Magistrates, however, felt it their duty to send the accused woman to prison for six months.

History repeats itself. Will it be believed that this woman, who so successfully imposed upon a simple and kind-hearted husband, was fully and explicitly exposed in the columns of this journal just before the war as a fraud, a convicted criminal, an adventuress who moved in high society, and actually claimed to be a personal friend of the King and Queen?

Her photograph, in the costume of a *debutante* presented at the first Court of the year at Buckingham Palace, appeared in the *Lady's Pictorial*. She was described as "Miss Lloyd-Mostyn."

We took the trouble of investigating her record, and found that she had not been presented at Court in Buckingham Palace, but had been presented at several other courts, having been convicted at Greenwich, Westminster, Maidstone, Tunbridge Wells and Hampshire Assizes as a cool, clever and daring thief.

It may be that many people thought at the time that we were too hard on this woman. It may be that we were not hard enough. The argument in that respect is the tragic figure of the duped and heart-broken husband, who might have been saved his dreadful ordeal if he had known the facts we did our best in the public interest to broadcast to the world.

How to Become a Millionaire!

IN this article we introduce you to two generous traders who are anxious to meet you—to help you to make thousands per annum—perhaps.

IT is a pathetic and traditional belief that the streets of London are paved with gold. This belief still lingers among simple-minded country folk, the kind of people Dean Swift satirised when he said that they would eagerly invest their money in a scheme for extracting sunlight from cucumbers and silver from sea water.

It would appear, however, that there are much more practical ways of making much more money. The secret is possessed by a firm called Hurst and Hurst, of 50, Delafield Road, Charlton, London, S.E.7. The philosophers of old spent their lives searching for a stone that would transmute base metals into gold. They missed their way. Messrs. Hurst and Hurst found it.

As neither poets nor prose writers have paid them a tribute of praise, we propose to remedy the omission. All you have to do is to send them the trifling outlay of two shillings (no further charge) and they will send you complete instructions for making money at home.

You will be pleased to hear that age, sex, or experience, are not barriers to this pleasant and fascinating work, which is strictly honourable and legitimate and specially suitable for evening occupation. If these people had said that *in*experience was not a barrier, it might have been more comprehensible. But that is by the way.

If you take their advice, and pay your fee, you can start out in the mail order business, selling washing tablets or combined safety razors and haircutters, or fortune telling charts. But those are minor matters. Hurst and Hurst will sell you a little book called "Money-Making at Home," which is full of secrets of success.

They will tell you how to start a candy kitchen, if you will send them two shillings by return mail. They will tell you how to start a cleaning, dyeing and pressing business, if you send them six shillings and sixpence, the price of Hurst's course.

Then you can be taught how to write a cinema play. As the booklet says: "You have probably seen many moving picture plays and said to yourself: 'I could do better than that myself.' No doubt you could. Why not try?" Why not? All you have to do, again, is to send two shillings and twopence for a book which will show you how to give Charles Chaplin a real chance with your photo-play.

Then you can make tons and tons of money by raising canaries, which is described as an interesting and pleasant occupation. You have to study nests and nestlings, sub-breeding the selection of stock, tonics and foods, together with the formulas for making them up, and you merely have to enclose two shillings and twopence for the necessary advice as to how to do it.

Most people have no idea how many things you can make money out of. Few people, without a little technical advice, would ever dream of becoming immensely rich by selling anti-perspiration powder or eye-brow lotion. But Hurst and Hurst will send you the formula for making these indispensable adjuncts to modern civilisation and the higher life. In return you will, of course, send them the modest florin for which they are good enough to part with these fortune-making instructions.

Then you can make money, and be a centre of popularity, by performing parlour tricks, such valuable accomplishments as escaping from a safe or a vault or a trunk. You may not often find yourself confronted with the urgent necessity of escaping from a safe. But if ever you do, it is a comfort to think you can learn how to make your get-a-way if you send fivepence to this kindly firm of Hurst and Hurst.

You can also go in for tattooing (instructions one shilling and eightpence). Or you can learn how to waterproof garments, to fumigate nest eggs, to make imitation marble and to resilver mirrors. Instructions are only two shillings a copy.

There are hundreds and hundreds of ways of making hundreds and hundreds a year. You can learn how to prevent mosquitoes from biting, to make yellow butter in winter, to cure drunkenness, to make good burning candles from lard, to stop stammering, and to make large noses small. All these accomplishments are yours, and will be mailed to your address for the trifling sum of two shillings.

"Would you like to be a millionaire—a Beecham or a Holloway?" Send one shilling and threepence, and you will be shown how to make "Pink Pills for Pale People" and "Sequah's Prairie Flower."

There are lots of other ways of getting rich when your pockets are empty. You are told that "thousands who should have been millionaires have heard the conductor call out 'Eternity,' the last station on the Road of Life, with not enough money in their pockets to buy their coffin. Why? Because they never started right."

Hurst and Hurst will tell you how to start right. It is a cheering thought that these splendid fellows, with all this diverse and expert knowledge of how to make lots and lots of money, are not dwelling in sybaritic luxury, in palaces in Park Lane, but content themselves in the modest district of Charlton, S.E., and, from that unassuming stronghold, scatter round a grateful world hints and tips to acquire money that make the question of the Ruhr Reparations seem like a pimple on the back of an odontosaurus. Obviously the whole thing is sheer tommy rot.

A Peer Among His Pigeons

THERE must be many who regret the day when they succumbed to the blandishments of the Right Honourable Lawrence William Pulk, third Baron Haldon, and upon his lordly recommendation forwarded money for investment in his various oil syndicates.

"International Oil Industries," 15, Strand, London, W.C., consists apparently of the Rt. Hon. Lord Haldon and W. Victor Birch, H. Stanley Coulter, John M. Fitzgibbon and H. Fisher.

"The Oil Lease Investment Co.," 21a, Southampton Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C., prints only two names—The Rt. Hon. Lord Haldon as Chairman and Lieut. R. W. Bennetts as Secretary.

"The Oil and Mineral Land Syndicate," Peele's Chambers, 177-178, Fleet Street, London, E.C., applies the Yankee designation of "President" to the Rt. Hon. Lord Haldon, and has as Secretary J. Johnson, R.N., S.F.R.

The plan of campaign of each of these concerns consists in sending out personal letters from the noble lord on coroneted notepaper, describing in glowing language the vast fortunes to be made by the purchase of leases of land in the oil-bearing districts of Texas.

The experience of one reader with "The Oil and Mineral Land Syndicate, will suffice as an example of how some are made poorer through association with the peer.

Dazzled by the coroneted notepaper, he forwarded a first instalment of four pounds, but later on asked for his money back.

The noble lord, who is notoriously deaf to all requests for money, delegated the duty of replying to the Secretary, who wrote as follows:—"I would point out that unless you complete the arrangements as per the agreement you signed, you stand to lose the payments you have already made. Thus I should strongly advise you to complete the purchase and then sell the documents to one of your friends."

To describe this impudent suggestion as adding insult to injury is to put it mildly. Even the pigeons Lord Haldon helps to pluck have more sense of honour than to foist worthless trash upon their friends.

Poverty, even in a peer, is no crime, but when we find a member of the Upper House who is as unscrupulous in finance as he is destitute of cash we begin to think it time the ranks of nobility were rid of an individual who brings nothing but contempt upon his order.

A Jekyll and Hyde Charity

Evidence which we have given the authorities has resulted in a much needed revision of the rules regarding flag days.

NOT before the step was urgently needed, the authorities have now put a big cog in the wheels of dubious charities, street collections and flag days. What is more, although there is no official statement on this point, the closure has been applied to certain gigantic and successive schemes that might otherwise have gone on for ever.

The final days of the (shall we say?) Octopus Ballot are announced, with the intimation that this will be the very, very last! Although another ballot to succeed the one now running was planned, the official organisers and the committee have wisely acted on advice given from a high quarter.

Another such huge money-making scheme (even if a large proportion of the turnover is donated to big public charities) would not be sanctioned under the present organisation and its extravagant methods.

Very strict inquiries followed on certain representations recently made in person to the Home Office and the Police Commissioner by a woman representative of JOHN BULL, with the result that when the present scheme has been brought to a close and the accounts have been scrutinised by the authorities, it will be finally wound up.

Our representative has amassed a wealth of evidence to connect the chief organisers with previous money-making schemes on a large scale, run in the war years, which, despite imposing lists of highly placed patrons, were conducted in anything but a business way. One extensively boomed affair brought in many thousands of pounds for a quasi-charitable organisation for women which was, and still is, a purely trading and profitable concern.

Connected with this was a side-show, professing to provide work for unemployed women of the professional classes. For this undertaking the organisers referred to in connection with the gigantic scheme now ending its hectic course raised huge sums of money.

This side-show gradually developed into a "Jekyll and Hyde" concern, a wholesale and manufacturing business, trading in an easily made speciality, largely boomed by the Press in the war years when run as a charity. For this saleable item a huge demand from America and other countries supplemented the big home demand.

When the undertaking reached this stage, the original founder and the organisers referred to had parted company, but the dual concern continued on its way under an advisory committee of women, such as are always ready to lend their names to organisations, and share in the often ill-advised Press publicity.

It is known that ample funds had been collected from a generous public by clever methods of appeal, extending over eight years, that might have been employed to establish a capital or sustentation fund. It therefore came as a great surprise when a two days' flag sale was recently announced in aid of the Jekyll side of the scheme on the plea that it was suffering from the trade slump and German competition.

The leaders in the trade concerned were irate at this announcement, pointing out that this dubious charity was illegitimately competing with legitimate traders, on capital obtained by charitable appeals to the public! In these appeals nothing was said of the "Hyde" side of the concern, a flourishing business in which there was no element of charity on which such appeals could be based.

Only a sufficient number of workers necessary to turn out the goods ordered were at any time employed, and these were paid moderate wages. This could not be deemed a charity. Although the Press had announced the flag days in the name of a distinguished lady, our representative went to the Home Office and to the Police Commissioner and put these and other important facts before them.

The Secretary of the Charity Organisation, Mr. E. C. Price, was at once instructed to investigate them on behalf of the Commissioner, and despite his strenuous inquiries, some of them prompted by ourselves, he failed to get any clear account of the finances of this dual charity and trading organisation.

The arrangements for the two days' street sale had gone so far, and the names of the women who had given their names in support as helpers were so important, that the Police Commissioner, having given his consent in the first place, was unable to withdraw it at the eleventh hour. The sale therefore took place (and brought in a large sum) under the most stringent control.

The direct result of our representative's labour is seen in the new and drastic rules relating to flag days, now issued by the Commission. Although she did not succeed in stopping the flag days referred to, the evidence she laid before the authorities on this feature, and the organising methods of certain huge schemes caused a special enquiry to be made that has resulted in the issue of new and forceful regulations to prevent similar schemes being again run under the old lax methods. We were in full possession of these facts at the time, but taking into consideration the standing of the men and women who had lent their names to the several undertakings complained of, we refrained from publishing them.

We congratulate the authorities on their new attitude, and are happy to be able to share in the credit of assisting them with much of the evidence that has influenced their decision.

An Exploiter of Accidents

BLARNEY-STONE kissing has its very tangible advantages, as J. Connell, the glib secretary of the "Workmen's Legal Friendly Society" can testify, for the gift of the gab—assisted by a very pronounced Hibernian brogue—has enabled him to wheedle thousands of pounds out of the poorest of the working classes.

His particular little graft is the introduction of the victims of physical accidents to shady solicitors, who deduct 10 per cent. from the compensation they hand over to the victim—which is not necessarily the same as the compensation that is really awarded—by way of fees. A person can become a "member" of this "society" by payment of one penny a year.

Connell has a dirty little office at 115, Chancery Lane, and he transacts his business in a hazy atmosphere of smoke, profanity and socialistic bunkum.

This man is responsible for the composition of Labour's National Anthem—"The Red Flag"—and he has not been slow in making as much capital out of this fact as possible. By dint of much wire-pulling he wormed his way into the confidences of many of the London branches of the Labour Party and exploited this connection for all he was worth. The result is that he has succeeded in enrolling thousands of the London workers as members of this society.

This exploitation of a political body has become so notorious that he is now discredited in the movement by all the responsible members of the party.

We unhesitatingly warn our readers against this "Friendly Society"—and consider that the responsible authorities should make inquiries into the business it purports to do as a "Society." It is run by Connell and a few solicitors for the purpose of providing "cases" for the latter and cash for the former.

Connell was made bankrupt some time ago, with £15 as total assets; he then stated that he had sold the "goodwill" of the concern for £50. But he has now come to the front again as the "proprietor and secretary."

Connell claims to be associated with certain solicitors and barristers, but we defy him to name them.

The claim is made by Connell that £16,284 was obtained for clients last year and £299,247 9s. 7d. since 1905. Which means that he and his confederates have netted a cool £30,000 in that time. He has no means of proving these figures, but we can safely state on the strength of those numerous cases that have been brought to our notice that in few—if any—instances has his "society" succeeded in obtaining compensation that was in any sense adequate.

Police Who Dallied

THE Manchester police have nothing to be proud of in the disgraceful revelations made in the local police court, in which it appeared that a large block of Corporation buildings were being used at night for immoral purposes.

These buildings, in Victoria Street, were in charge of a night watchman, a person named Richard Pass. He seems to have been well named. He made an arrangement with a number of women by which they were allowed to enter these public offices and bring men in with them at all hours of the night.

The Corporation of Manchester is a great and dignified body. It ought to inquire how it came about that a person like Pass, willing to live on the immoral earnings of women, was allowed to be in charge of this important property. It must have been someone's duty to report to somebody as to whether Pass was a suitable person, and whether he was doing his job properly. The Corporation of Manchester must call for that report at once.

There may be other buildings belonging to the Corporation, and maintained by the money of the ratepayers, which are being similarly misused. Somebody in any case is responsible for this disgraceful state of affairs which, in effect, comes to something like state-aided assistance in the keeping of disorderly houses.

It may be that in Manchester these things are not regarded with the dislike one might expect. In any case the court did not punish Richard Pass too severely. They gave him three months' imprisonment, by no means a heavy sentence for a man who was paid by the ratepayers, who was deliberately betraying his trust, and committing the criminal offence of living, to some extent, on the immoral earnings of women, the last refuge of a scoundrel.

But what is much more amazing is that the police allowed this sort of thing to go on for six months before they took any action. Night after night, week after week, month after month, women were bringing men, some of them well-known citizens of Manchester, into these Corporation offices. The police knew all about it, for they were keeping observation.

Why did they require to do this for six months? The thing is so absurd that it looks as though the police were in no hurry to act until, for some reason, a rapid decision had to be taken.

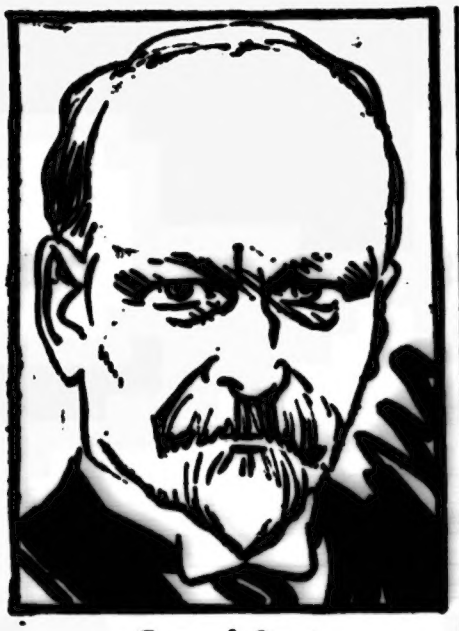
We plainly say that there ought to be an inquiry into this whole matter in Manchester, including the administration of the police. We have had many occasions to point out how inefficient this is under the present chief, Sir Robert Peacock, now in his sixty-fifth year.

If he is no longer able to cope with his duties in a thoroughly efficient way, he might well be put on pension and allowed to retire from active administration of the police.

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON



General Smuts

INCOMPARABLY the biggest personality at the Imperial Conference is General Smuts. From the point of view of brains, imagination and prestige, no one else has a look in! And, what is really peculiar, he deserves the prestige. He is perhaps the only statesman in power throughout the British Empire who is not a nonentity—the only one who has a soul above his job. That is an amazing statement, so I must hasten to back it up with a few facts.

It is necessary to have lived in South Africa in order to form any conception of the bitterness and racial hatred that exists between large sections of the Dutch and British communities. There is nothing quite like it anywhere else; not even in India, where there are as many feuds as there are races. By sheer intellectual predominance Smuts has tided over a dozen crises that, without him, would have flamed into civil war. No one else could possibly have done it, because no one else generates that calm, clear light of reason so necessary to allay racial, as opposed to sectarian, animosities.

THAT, indeed, is the astounding thing about the man. His passions and ideals are intellectual, not emotional. He makes no public gestures; even his perorations are rather logical than forensic; he tries to persuade by argument, not to sway by rhetoric. Nevertheless the ideals are there. He is no mere dialectician. But his extraordinary prestige throughout the length and breadth of South Africa is due to the fact that his vision is unclouded by partiality. A Lloyd George would have set the country by the ears long ago and deluged it in strife. A Balfour or a Curzon would have enraged everybody and united all against the Imperial authority.

Of course the General has enemies. He wouldn't be a great man if he hadn't. The small natures and mean minds of political partisans have been whipped to frenzy by his success with the nobler elements of both parties. They want disruption, and he stands for union. If only he could be bamboozled into a false step, if only he could be momentarily dragged into one of the camps, bang would go his influence in the other, and their fondest dreams of disintegration would materialise. But Smuts is too clever to fall into their net. They will have to try some other method of compassing his fall.

THE South African Premier is perhaps the only ruler in the Empire who really does believe, heart and soul, in the Empire. There is no flag-waving Jingoism about his belief. He is convinced that the Empire can be made the greatest influence for political good in the world. It can stop wars. His faith in its possibilities is so intense and absolute that he is positive the future happiness and welfare of the world is largely dependent upon its unity.

This conviction is not, as with many who profess it, a form of hysteria contracted in war-time. It is founded on his reason. Without it, he would quit the political arena, retire to the veldt and farm ostriches!

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

Tho' Fritz has bent to France's will
And humble pie devours;
Just how to make her pay her bill,
Is France's job and ours.

The Railway brigands once again—
For profiteering reasons—
Increase the tax upon our backs
By putting up our "Seasons."

Now Baldwin sees it's hard to please
Both Englishmen and Frenchmen,
He gratifies our French allies
But mortifies his henchmen.

When seats are high there's few will buy
And so to few they're showing;
Down comes the price and in a trice
The house is overflowing.

THE BABY AND THE BANDIT

No More Fatless Milk

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

LADIES and gentlemen, with your kind permission—on my right the British babe or infant; on my left his Ma! The British babe or infant, you will note, is seated in a neat folding pram. The thing in his mouth at which he sucks so vigorously is called a dummy. He sucks it vigorously—and with steady British persistence—in the hope of eventually coming at the milk. But as the apparatus has no bottle attachment there "ain't no milk" to come at; so that in effect the British babe is merely accumulating wind—which will doubtless be useful to him when he grows up into a politician.

Of course, so many times a day—I forget how many, since I ceased to be personally interested—so many times a day, the British babe's Ma hands him something worth sucking at, otherwise a teat with a bottle of "milk" behind it. This, bless his little heart, he will tackle like a small early Christian savage, absorbing every drop at a high rate of speed, and finishing up with more wind for luck.

MILLIONS of the best and brightest of us have been brought up that way. The bottle in English child-culture always either supplants or supplements the breast. I am raising no objection and casting no slur on the Royal Ancient Antediluvian Order of British Ma's. They know their own business, they love their own babies—I saw a British Ma walk out of a County Court the other day, carefully lift a bit of veiling, solemnly plant a kiss on the six weeks' old face beneath, and march off as proud as a queen—and nobody doubts that, roughly speaking, and milk bottle or no milk bottle, British Mas turn out a brand of babe which is not only a pleasure to behold, but capable of knocking spots off any other brand on the market.

Judge, therefore, of my wonder and astonishment when I read before breakfast and in a newspaper as follows:

> The Ministry of Health has postponed till November 1 the new law compelling makers of condensed milk to label as "Unfit for Babies" every tin of milk which does not contain a certain proportion of milk fat or milk solids.

And my wonder and astonishment, not to say positive amazement, were not so much on account of the fact that the Ministry of Health has postponed the new law—for it is the sole function of Ministries to postpone things—but that "a new law" concerning such a vital matter should be necessary.

Here we are, you and I, the people next door and the beautiful rest of us, bottle-reared Britons almost to a man, woman and child, ex-imbibators of what our Ma's believed to be milk *fit for babies*, even if it happened to be preserved or condensed; and all the time somebody somewhere would appear to have been doing us down for our due and proper ration of "milk fat" and "milk solids!"

DOESN'T it make your blood (not to say the alleged milk) boil within you when you think of it? Robbing blind men of their dogs, little nations of their honour, or even the British working man of his beer, are acts of virtue by comparison. Consider your weak chest, your rickety bones, your attacks of windy spasms, your life-long indigestion and your general C3-ness, and ask yourself whether the fount and origin of it all may not have lain in the bottle which "the best mother in the world" administered to you, whenever you howled hard enough, in the faith that it contained "milk fit for babies."

Well, other times, other milk condensers! We are having no more fatless fodder for the heaven-sent British babe or infant, thank you. The new law comes in on November 1, and if you ask me, tarred and feathered effigies of the old "fat" and "solid" bandits ought to be burnt alive on November 5. Meanwhile Ma will be glad to hear that she can now obtain condensed milk labelled with a guarantee that it is "fit" for the consumption of honest British babies. Never you use no other, my dear, and your children shall grow up and call you what you always have been, namely, blessed.

A Preacher Who Preys

Homeless victims have been robbed and ruined by a pious humbug who has been touting all over the country inducing unsuspecting people to invest their savings in a building society of his own creation. This concern has benefited no one but himself and his satellites. No more cruel form of fraud could be devised in these days of housing shortage.

THIS is the story of a smug-faced, plausible and glib-spoken hypocrite, a purveyor of piety to others, who does not practise the precepts he extols.

The name of this pious humbug is Francis Samuel Caudle, a familiar figure in Seven Kings, and a fervent preacher at East End missions. We ask those who run these missions by what right they expose our young people to contact with rascals like this.

In the intervals between his spells of devotion this canting hypocrite, Caudle, founded a building society. Probably he frequently preached from the text which warns one of the folly of building one's house upon the sand. In any case he gathered around him a collection of simple-minded people, with one or two of them more of his own kidney, and launched upon the world the "Industrial House Purchase Society, Ltd." He appointed himself, not as one might suppose, Chaplain, but Manager and Secretary (to whom all communications must be addressed).

Queue of Mournful People.

That was just over a year ago. To-day the Industrial House Purchase Society, Ltd., is not on sand—it is on the rocks. It has gone out of business, its office door is locked, and in the background stands a queue of mournful people, indignantly demanding from the suave, evasive, elusive and pious Caudle the money he took from them by gross and, in our view, criminal false pretences.

Caudle is at the moment in Bristol. He ought to be in Brixton, not the suburb, but the jail.

As a House Purchase Society the concern he founded was a naked and unashamed imposition. It did not purchase houses, it did not build them, but it existed during its inglorious career by taking deposits from unsuspecting people on the promise of getting them houses and bungalows, and it spent that money on salaries to Caudle and his associates.

The Well-paid Chairman.

Let us look at the organisation he founded. To meet the regulations of the Friendly Societies Act this man Caudle formed a Management Committee, whose function it was to consider and authorise all transactions of the Society. Some of these people came from the Mission in which Caudle was an ornament. He found a Mr. F. Drake, of 61, Gordon Road, Wanstead. He made Mr. Drake Chairman of the Society.

Mr. Drake had no previous experience of house purchase. So Caudle encouraged him to learn by presenting him with a salary of £8 10s. a week. This was a very good salary, from a society which had no income, though naturally not quite so good as the salary Caudle drew himself, £10 a week. It is true that Drake put some money into the business. But he drew most of it out again some months later, when the concern was hopelessly insolvent and its dupes were banging at the door and clamouring for their money back.

Helped Himself First.

He was not a very experienced Chairman, and he seems to have thought that, as a trustee for the people who invested money with the concern, the best way he could help them was by helping himself first, a singular combination of Christianity and financial prudence.

We say that a transaction of this kind ought not to be allowed to stand. But that particular transaction is but a grace before meat. The Society banqueted on financial irregularities.

Let us take an example of the way this wicked and fraudulent and humbugging concern worked, or rather plundered. A poor fellow called Mason, an ex-soldier, fell into the toils. He read the wretched pamphlet issued by Caudle, with the legend "Authorised Capital £250,000" on the cover, and thought it meant that the society had this amount of capital. What it really meant was that the concern was authorised by Mr. Caudle and his Committee to get that amount of capital if it could.

A Question of Spelling.

This is the way grandiloquent phrases are flourished by popular preachers on the predatory prowl. It is a gross scandal that the law should permit it.

Mason did not notice that Caudle in his pamphlet, though he talked a great deal about money and investment, did not know how to spell the word "principal." He spelt it "principle," which perhaps he thought did not matter, as the society had neither principal nor principle.

Mason trustfully handed over to Caudle £65. He had borrowed this sum from his wife, her hard-earned savings. Caudle took it and undertook to build him a house at Raynham within three months. That was last October. Mason has not got his house. The explanation Caudle made was that he could not find a suitable site. He says that he went twice to this little village and, not finding a site, has done nothing further, except keep Mason's money and go on drawing his own salary.

To-day Mason cannot get any satisfaction, and the society hasn't got any money to give him. That is to say it took his money for a specific purpose, did not apply it to that specific purpose, but squandered it in office expenses and salaries to these preaching financial mendicants. If this is not fraud, the word might as well be cut out of our dictionary.

The same thing happened with dozens and dozens of other clients, whose names and all particulars are in our possession as the result of a careful investigation made by our Special Commissioner. It shows some appalling rascality. From the very beginning the concern was tainted with fraud. No proper record of specific business was kept. The books are in a dreadful state. The only thing that was definite was the wages bill, something like £50 a week in its earliest stages. There was no income to meet that. It was paid out of the money which came in to buy houses, with the result, of course, that the houses could not be built or bought. These Christian financiers staggered from one calamity to another, steadying themselves by that form of biblical finance known as "Robbing Peter to pay Paul."

£1,000 to a Stranger.

In the beginning of its career the money that came in was paid into Caudle's private account, nearly a thousand pounds. No proper settling up of this account was subsequently made, although Caudle seems to think, Heaven knows why, that he was out of pocket on the deal when a proper banking account was opened three months later.

Very few clear cases of a loan by this society can be established. It lent a thousand pounds to a perfect stranger called Chapman, whom Caudle had made one of his employees. Chapman was not even a member of the Society, yet one of the rules is that no advances can be made to persons who are not members or subscribers. Clearly this transaction cannot stand. It reeks of gross impropriety.

This bogus society was soon in difficulties. It did not go straight at the beginning, its books were never properly kept, its transactions were all a blind, and were honeycombed with fraud and deceit.

Robbed with a Smile.

Take one more example from the scores of unhappy experiences. A gentleman named Harper invested £537 to have a house built at Hove. This was in April of this year. At that time the concern was hopelessly insolvent, and writs were coming in from swindled clients. Caudle and Co. took Mr. Harper's money, concealing from him the calamitous state of affairs.

Harper did not get his house. He will never get it now. His money was spent in paying off other people's claims, and, immediately after it was lodged, Drake, the simple-minded, pious and prudent Chairman, who was there to protect other people, drew out over £200 from the till. Clearly Mr. Harper was very useful to this bankrupt, moribund and waterlogged concern, and to the good people who were running it.

When they took this gentleman's money they knew that they could not carry out what they had contracted to do. They knew that he would lose his money. They knew that he might as well take it down to the sea front at Hove and throw it into the Channel. But, like the good pious people they were, they took it, robbing this unsuspecting victim with a sanctimonious smile and with the ruthless relentlessness of jail-birds and crooks.

Lost—and Forgotten!

One of Caudle's agents, a Mr. Miller of 106, Dale Street, Chatham, was commendably active in introducing people to this preposterous enterprise. A client of his, a Mr. Randall, was induced to pay over £160 to the Society in April, and lost it all. Again, as usual, and of course this money was not allocated to the specific purpose for which it was subscribed, but fell into the abysmal chasm of Caudle finance.

Mr. Miller has also become elusive. A number of people have been looking for him in order to reason gently with him. But their efforts have not been crowned with any conspicuous measure of success.

This is not a matter of surprise in a concern where there was no discipline, no order, no organisation. The rule seems to have been that everybody could do whatever he wished, with no need to go through the ordinary and salutary formula of putting the transaction on record.

Many other agents throughout the country acted on the same principle, and landed their fish into the Caudle net. For those who were once caught up in the toils there was neither escape nor consolation.

The Burst Bubble.

What is the Director of Public Prosecutions going to do about it? We ask him. What is he going to do with Caudle who in June closed down his office in London because he could no longer carry on, and who, nearly two months later, on the 7th August, actually took, in the name of the Society, £100 from another victim, a Mr. Gem, without informing him that his precious society was a burst bubble? This money has gone. What has the Director of Public Prosecutions to say to this? What action does he propose to take in this case, which seems to call for immediate action?

There are respectable building societies up and down the country. Is it fair to them, is it fair to the general public, to let smug, greedy, canting, hypocritical, pharisaical and parasitical rogues like Caudle to go free to renew in some other shape their campaign of pious and wholesale robbery?

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents sending stamped addressed envelopes are answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient general interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings has been sent to each of the writers of the first six letters printed on this page.

Sister or Mother

"DURING the war my sister's husband came to England with the Australian forces, and boasted how well off and happy they were, and what a lot of property they had. As my sister had never said anything in her letters about it, my mother was surprised (dad died when we were young), but she fully believed everything my brother-in-law told her, and was very pleased to think my sister was getting on so well.

"My mother is nearly seventy now, and has no income. The most I and my brothers can do is to feed and clothe her, being poor ourselves with children to bring up.

"It grieves my mother to think my sister is so well off and does not send a few pounds now and again to her, as she has had to work and bring five of us up without a father.

"Now, 'Humanist,' my sister has six children, and I often have a letter from her, telling me she has to struggle desperately to keep the home together, as her husband spends every penny he earns in drink and is continually ill-treating her. She would not have mother know her troubles for the world, but mother's opinion of her is getting worse every day, and it breaks my heart to hear her, but if I told her the truth it would break hers.

"Dear 'Humanist' I feel I am doing my sister an injustice by keeping the truth back, and yet would I be doing right by speaking out? Please advise me, and I will abide by what you say."

"Humanist" says: *Tell your mother. Surely it is cruel to keep her misled as to her daughter's love. The daughter's position may improve, as her children grow up, so the truth need not be too harshly presented. Besides you have no right to slander your sister—and that is roughly what your action comes to—even if she agrees, to save your mother pain.*

Frustrating the Blackmailer

"AT the age of twenty-three I held the position of chief cashier to a large firm of warehousemen in Manchester. My employers trusted me implicitly.

"I am more than sorry to say I betrayed their trust. The inevitable discovery came, and I went to prison for twelve months.

"When I was a free man again I fell into the toils of a band of crooks. The result was that I was again thrown into prison, this time for three years.

"I came out of prison a month after war had been declared and eager to lose my identity as far as the police and my fellow crooks were concerned, I enlisted and subsequently was transferred to the A.S.C. (M.T.).

"I was demobilised with an intimate knowledge of motor-car mechanism and this gift gave me a job in the south. My success was phenomenal. In four years I rose to be manager of my department and married the daughter of the most influential partner of our firm. Up to three weeks ago I was ideally happy.

"A fortnight ago I was unfortunate enough to meet the chief of our old ring of crooks. He knew me at once, and, fool that I was, I told him of my circumstances and happiness.

"Three days ago I received a letter from him. He proposes that we should together rob the offices of my present employers and threatens exposure of my past if I refuse.

"What must I do? I have a mean robbery of my employers and perhaps prison and future ruin as one alternative. The other choice will bring exposure, dismissal, police supervision and ostracism by wife, friends and employees. Surely my past sins have more than found me out."

"Humanist" says: *This blackmailing rascal is committing a criminal offence in urging you to conspire to rob your firm. Tell the local Chief of Police in secret all the facts. He should be able to arrange to get the necessary evidence for a conviction without calling you as a witness. It will be the blackmailer's turn to worry—not yours.*

The Call of Kindness

"BEGINNING life as a humble half-timer in Lancashire, by 1917 I had climbed the tree so well that I owned four big weaving sheds in one East Lancashire town and two in another. The winter of 1920 saw me again a four-loom weaver. I had made the ruinous mistake of buying when prices were high and when a fall was inevitable. I am still a mill-hand and an undischarged bankrupt.

"Before I became bankrupt, in order to stave off the evil day I borrowed heavily from an aged fellow manufacturer who was a close friend of mine. I still owe him over a thousand pounds. I have worked hard and scraped together £350. He now lies at death's door.

"Now quite recently there has come to my notice an opening for investment, which I am certain would bring in a splendid return and I am tempted to try such a venture.

"My conscience, however, is troubling me. My old friend, in his hardship, may pass away without receiving a penny of the money I owe him. On the other hand I have an opportunity of slowly but surely clearing off not one but all of my debts."

"Humanist" says: *Provide for your old friend's dying hours, and invest the balance for the benefit of your creditors. An undischarged bankrupt is under many disabilities. He is not prevented from being kind to friends and benefactors.*

The Maternal Instinct

"I AM a woman of 34. When a girl at the age of 14 I was sent to an industrial school, as I got beyond my parents' control, and at the age of 16 I was placed in service. A fellow-worker, who knew me in my wild days, informed my mistress I had been put away and I was given notice to leave.

"I decided to leave Sussex, and since then I have worked and lived for children, having got a post in a children's home. I tried to make their young lives happy. I am so very fond of children and would give anything to have one of my own."

"I once wrote to a Friendly Society but found a married man was writing to me, so I dropped that at once. I have been so afraid of anything since, but that is three years ago. I have never been out with anyone, and have been afraid to speak to anyone, for fear of them knowing about my young days, and because I am so very plain-looking.

"But, dear 'Humanist,' if you only knew how I long to have a home and children of my own, I would do anything for them. I have thought of adopting one of these poor little unwanteds, but I have been told if I do people will say it is my own."

"Humanist" says: *Don't worry about your early indiscretions, probably not very serious and in any case long since atoned for by a life of generous devotion. By all means, if you can afford it, adopt a child—never mind what people say. You have the consciousness of virtue, which is its own reward and the best protection.*

Informal Introductions

"AS in novels, plays and films, the main subject of your consultations and replies is that of difficulties and dilemmas in love affairs, whereas the case of those who are in a still worse plight, proverbially, is never or hardly ever mentioned.

"Some three million men and five million women are living in the unnatural single state, a large number of whom have never had any experience of love-making at all. My daughter is a modest, gentle, refined and sensible girl, and would make a model partner for a cultivated gentleman. She does not care for frivolity and amusement, and still less for the kind of men who make that their chief pursuit. What she wants to meet is quiet, home-loving and courteous men of sedentary pursuits and literary or artistic tastes.

"What I have always proposed is that it should be recognised as lawful and proper that any two persons meeting in a train or elsewhere may, if they are apparently mutually attracted, form each other's acquaintance by exchanging visiting cards, the acceptance of which should be deemed equivalent to an introduction. I cannot conceive of any moral or social objection to such procedure and hope you will give it your approval in JOHN BULL.

"There would be no difficulty at all in anyone having a chance of love and marriage but for the insuperable difficulty in obtaining introductions; that being achieved the rest is comparatively plain sailing.

"We never see any condolence with those who have never married or courted at all; indeed the usual attitude towards them is one of ridicule or sarcasm, while those who resort to questionable matrimonial agencies are only cheated if not something worse."

"Humanist" says: *There is no law to prevent people mutually attracted from speaking to one another. But in such cases the need for further references is obvious and should be insisted on. Amongst the working-classes millions of happy marriages have been made without the officious services of a Master of Ceremonies to perform the first introduction. The danger is from the evil man seeking for victims. Before approving such a plan as outlined one would want explicit assurances in this matter of references, surely more important than in engaging a domestic servant or a clerk.*

Dealing with a Bully

"SIX years ago, at the age of twenty-seven, a friend of mine met a man (who she found afterwards was married) and fell very much in love with him. He appeared everything good. He suggested her visiting him when in camp and she did so, to find that he had obtained a sleeping pass on his real marriage certificate and booked rooms for her as his wife—he talked her over and she fell in the trap. She is well educated and had a little money, which he soon had; also she paid every penny expenses of rooms, etc. Since leaving the Army (three years) he has been an utter beast to her. There is a child, which she has concealed from her relations. She earns and keeps it, for she has a good business position. She loves the child and is doing her utmost for it.

"Now this beast meets her daily; is drinking heavily and his language is vile. He threatens telling her employers and relations all her past and is compelling her to give in to him and give him money. She hates and fears him and only wishes to work and do what is right. She is a good woman and only fell through ignorance.

"My friend is on the verge of breakdown and confided in me. I advise going to a solicitor and getting proper protection, telling her people and then getting a position in another town, which with her ability she could soon do. This is

what she wishes, but says the brute tells her that as she passed as his wife he has every right now to treat her as he likes as she is his, and also says that he has the right to take the child (girl) from her—she is four years old; he has never seen her or wished to, neither has he given any money at all for her keep. My friend has done everything. Surely this is wrong."

"Humanist" says: *The man is a brute. He has no right to the child. Go to the Chief of Police, tell the story and ask him to give the man a private warning. The cowardly bully will probably clear out if he thinks that trouble is brewing for him.*

A Faithless Son.

"I have discovered that my son, married to a charming girl, has formed a friendship with a dancing-partner. This girl is going to South Africa and my son is secretly arranging to go away with her. My son is independent."

Consult with your wife's people in confidence. They ought to be able to exert sufficient pressure on your son to induce him to do the right thing.

The Hello Girl.

"I am engaged to a telephone operator. She annoys me by telling me other people's secrets learned by her 'tapping the line.' I am getting sick of it, as it seems quite an incurable obsession with her."

Tell her that you wish to hear no more on this subject, and that she has no right to do as she does. If she proves obstinate, tell her you think her unsuitable as a fiancée.

To Save His Mother.

"My mother is dying. My father is dead. I am out of work. A holiday abroad might save mother's life, and I can get the money if I play a dirty trick on a man whose position and character are open to blackmail. Am I justified in the hope of saving my mother's life?"

Certainly not. No excuse can possibly justify behaving like a blackguard. Try to get work and help your mother honourably.

His Pal's Wife.

"My pal's wife, a girl of twenty, only two months married, shows an unmistakable and compromising affection for me. I can't tell my pal. Should I speak to the girl?"

Yes. Tell her kindly that she is young and foolish, and must not trifle with the love of a good husband. I take it she is thoughtless and flighty rather than bad. Be kind to her and honourable to your friend.

The Best Policy.

"I have got into financial difficulties through helping my brother-in-law, who has since fled to France. At any moment I may be discovered, as my office accounts are wrong. I am thinking of skipping the country."

Stay and face the music. Ask your relatives to help. If the worst comes to the worst tell your employers and ask for consideration. It is not as though you had squandered the money. There is a lot of real kindness amongst employers, but further deception can only make matters worse.

A Good Woman's Doubts.

"My husband, unfaithful to me, left his money to me, asking me to provide not only for my own little girl but for his illegitimate child. The child's mother is now dead. Am I entitled to take from our scanty capital I proposed to spend on my daughter's education the money to provide for her helpless 'natural' brother?"

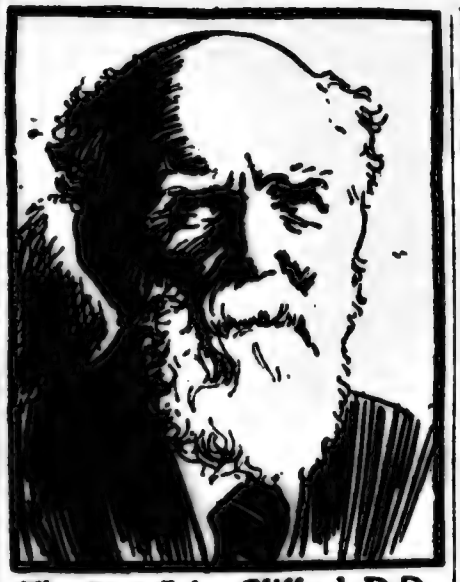
You are under no legal obligation, and very little moral obligation, in view of your husband's actions. But the poor boy is not to blame. I advise you to be generous. You will be happier doing the gracious thing—in your own eyes and ultimately, I hope, in material reward.

Monday to Saturday Morals

The Way to Better Days

by THE REV. JOHN CLIFFORD, D.D.

THE true significance of the terrible unrest throughout the world is revealed in this powerful article. Only by applying the principles of Brotherliness to our social and industrial life can we remove the evil.



The Rev. John Clifford, D.D.

WHAT is the cause of the widespread discontent which is shattering the peace and tranquillity of the world? On all sides there are evidences of disorder and disturbance. Man murmurs against man, employer struggles with worker, nations leer at one another across futile boundary lines.

It is a sorry picture of a world just emerged, bleeding and battered, from the hell of war. But the war itself is not responsible for the situation to-day. The explanation is to be found in man's attitude to his brothers and sisters, in races warring against races.

You are responsible for it: *I* am responsible for it; we are all to blame for the appalling condition of things as they are. We have all along gone our own way—the way that leads to inevitable turmoil—instead of following the teachings that would lead us to live in peace one with the other.

We have not obeyed the commands of Christ.

It is a sad thought, but it is true. The lamentable lack of the direct use of Christian principles and ideas in social, industrial and general life, is responsible for our unrest and distress to-day. Men content themselves with rendering lip-service to moral teachings, but exhibit the utmost hesitation in giving them thoroughgoing application.

THIS evil is perhaps more noticeable in the large centres of population. I think a higher state of true moral living often exists in rural districts than in the fiercely competitive life of industrial towns. This is due, in a large measure, to the Idolatry of Appearance—the weakness of imitating the actions of those above them in the social scale. It is the peril of the suburbs, and is eating the heart out of religion and poisoning the roots of true moral and mental growth.

In the towns most people are consumed with a passion for the accumulation of wealth. It is too common in suburban life that the value of a man is assessed according to his supply of wealth or his appearance of wealth. Even the organised churches themselves are tempted—probably owing to their impecuniosity—to differentiate in a manner that is not within the scope or teachings of the Master they profess to follow. The true attitude towards rich and poor is thus vividly set out:

"For if there come into your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment; and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place; and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or Sit under my footstool; Are ye not then partial in yourselves and are becoming judges of evil thoughts?"—*James ii.*

This specific declaration is too much ignored even by those who profess to accept the New Testament as the authority of individual and communal life. Consequently, class distinction is far from foreign inside our churches.

NO man can be a Christian in the true sense of the word who monopolises the benefits and joys that accumulated wealth brings him. Each Christian is a trustee for the benefit of the Kingdom of God and is bound to use whatever possessions he holds, in character, mind or money, for it.

In trade, industry and social existence the denial of these fundamental principles is a deep injury to man and therefore an offence to God. The task of the next thirty years for men and women who endeavour to improve the conditions of our industrial population will be great and difficult: success will only attend their efforts if they are undertaken in a sincere spirit and with readiness to combat all the forces of selfishness, both in the church and outside. Such people must be resolved, at all costs and against all odds, to express the mind and breathe the true spirit of Christianity in the work of the whole week as well as in the worship of the Sabbath.

There is great encouragement in the fact that the last twenty or thirty years have given numerous examples of men who have made industry a means of mental, moral and spiritual development for their fellows. No finer example comes to mind than George Cadbury, whose "Life" has just been written by Mr. A. G. Gardiner—a book that is a most able and brilliant record of one of the most serviceable and courageous citizens that Britain has ever had. It is rich in the good news that deep satisfaction is sure to come to the man who will devote himself to such high ideals. One of the surest ways of keeping the country free from disastrous revolutions and from industrial chaos is to follow the example of such men and sincerely to apply these principles to industry. The Love of Neighbour and the Service of Neighbour must be made a daily aim.

MY deep conviction is that labour will never attain the ends for which it might be used as a powerful contributor to the world's worth, until it is treated, both by the employer and the employed, not simply as a means of getting wealth, but as an agent and an instrument for the growth and development of manhood, and of social and domestic happiness.

I come back to my starting-point and say that the only adequate remedy is the sincere application of the Divine principles of Love and Brotherliness to industrial and social life. Employers of labour must recognise the equal value of every human soul. They must learn that they have a duty to humanity; that it is fratricidal for them to injure their employees—for are they not brothers? And those who are employed must remember they owe it to those who employ them to render a perfectly just and full measure of industry to entitle them to a legitimate profit from the common business.

APPLY this sunlit principle of Brotherliness to industrial, economic and social life, and the cancers that are now poisoning the whole body of the State will be removed.

"No man liveth unto himself." It is true to-day. The evil man radiates evil. The selfish man, whether employer or employed, begets selfishness. The oppressor makes his baneful influence felt in ever-widening circles. But the sincere application of the Golden Rule to every department of human endeavour cannot fail to reap a harvest of fine deeds, noble thoughts, exalted aspirations, which will be the only basis on which a contented and useful community can be reared.

Let us cast off our selfishness; let us treat our fellow men and women as brothers and sisters; let us apply to our daily lives the principles of Christianity; and the world will be a purer and better place in which to live, and distress and strife will vanish from the face of the earth.

John Clifford

By an Interviewer.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. W. C. BRIDGEMAN, M.P., Home Secretary.

SIR,—Three women, remanded by the Peterborough Bench, and confined in one small police cell, were attended by male warders, which is contrary to regulations. One of these women, all of whom were proved innocent of the charges made against them, was expecting a child within a few days? For six days she slept on a wooden bench, and was not allowed out of the cell except to wash in the morning. No doctor, no nurse even went near. Her child was born within a few hours of her removal to Holloway. The story of the sufferings of this woman would be unbelievable if it were not true. An example ought to be made of someone. JOHN BULL.

To Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P., Minister of Health.

SIR,—Can nothing be done to speed up the payment of Old Age Pensions in cases which call for special urgency? Recently an old lady was informed that she was entitled to a pension. Her husband being mortally sick, a kind friend endeavoured to hurry your department on in the delivery of the book which would have secured the payments. Three weeks after the application the book had not been received. It's damnable to torture poor old souls in this way.—JOHN BULL.

To Mr. TOM BOGLE, Redding's Colliery, Falkirk.

BRAVE LAD,—To you, and to your comrades, this little token of my admiration is addressed. Terrible pit disasters not only serve to remind us of the fearful risks that you chaps run in the everyday execution of your duty, but bring to light those qualities of heroism that miners possess in no little degree. Your rescue party at the Reddings disaster saved the lives of many of the entombed men, and would have saved all had that been humanly possible. Men like you and your chums are a credit to the country.

JOHN BULL.

To Major the Rt. Hon. G. C. TRYON, M.P., Minister of Pensions.

SIR,—Are we never to have an end to the cruel heartlessness of your Ministry? "I have no hesitation in saying the woman's death was the result of a terrible blow she received in a letter from the Ministry of Pensions," was alleged at the inquest on Mrs. Annie Wiggins, a widow, of Harringay, who collapsed after being informed that the allowance on her husband's pension would date only from six months after his death. For God's sake let a ray of light penetrate the gloom of your heart and stop this torturing of the maimed and crippled, the widows and the children of this country. JOHN BULL.

THE LATEST GAG!

FRITZ: "That ought to scare 'em."

A cardboard cat is successfully keeping mice out of the kitchen of a London hospital. The allies are not likely to be scared by Fritz's dog whether it is cardboard or real.

To Miss MARIE DRESSLER, Alhambra Theatre, London.

MADAM,—I am glad to note that, following my disclosures of your tardiness in paying the money you owe to British actors, you have lodged with the Actors' Association a sum of £1,000 to meet all claims against you. True, the payment is a little overdue and you are only doing now what you should have done, *without prompting*, fifteen years ago. May I take it, also, that you will not burst into print immediately you return to the shores of "Gahd's Owin' Country"? JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. T. W. PYM, Cambridge House, Camberwell.

SIR,—The Church Congress has been responsible for quite a lot of hot air during the week, but your belief that cheap cars and cheap wireless have caused young people to adopt a materialistic attitude towards life, is the richest thing I've heard. "How does it work?" is the question, you say, that a cheap motor prompts in our boys, and so they go on to wonder how God works! Really, really! They might almost ask the same about that brain of yours. JOHN BULL.

To Sir ROBERT WALLACE, K.C., Chairman, London Sessions.

SIR,—I am quite in agreement with your strong comments regarding the foolish practice of sending boys to prison before they have had a chance of making good, but when you suggest Borstal institutions, my admiration dwindles. Evidently you are not aware that Borstal institutions are every bit as bad as the prisons. If some of you fellows would take the trouble to temper your recommendations with investigations, you would learn something of the conditions at these "homes from home." JOHN BULL.

To Mr. J. T. W. NEWBOLD, M.P., House of Commons.

SIR,—You have a fatal tendency to talk big and act small, and your latest utterance shows you running true to form. You can produce evidence, you assert, that the German Government has £70,000,000 deposited in a London bank! Then in heaven's name why don't you do so instead of merely talking about it? If you are afraid that no one will print your "evidence," let me remind you that the columns of this journal are always open to truth, and we are afraid of no one. Can I look for your letter in the morning?

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. GRAHAM ASH, Fellows, Morton & Clayton, Ltd., Birmingham.

ALL HIGHEST.—When Sir David Shackleton, at the Ministry of Labour, suggested arbitration in the strike of the canal boat workers, you (an employer) replied: "I am my own arbitrator!" There are moments when pugnacity rather pleases me, but this, dealing with a national strike now in its eighth week, is certainly not one; and I am inclined to think that a man who cannot submit his case to arbitration is not sure of his ground. What kind of world would it be if we all acted in this high-handed manner? JOHN BULL.

To INSPECTOR HAYES, National Lifeboat Institution.

SIR,—There is no nobler body of men in these islands than our lifeboat crews. They face danger and privation boldly, and risk death itself to go to the rescue of fellow-beings in distress. Such arduous and perilous work should be rewarded generously, not in the cheeseparing spirit you are adopting at Eastbourne. To charge your crew for the bully beef you put on board the boat is niggardly in the extreme. To reduce to eight the crew of a boat built to hold thirteen is positively dangerous. It is the business of a lifeboat man to save other lives, not to lose his own—and even a hero is worthy of his hire. JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

A BLAST OF COMMON-SENSE

Salving the Empire

THIS week the Imperial Conference is in session, and the statesmen of the Empire are face to face with problems, on the solution of which the very fate of the Empire hangs. If the Conference is in earnest and tackles solid problems instead of playing piously with formulæ and catch phrases, the course of History may well be changed.

We should like to see less devotion at the shrine of protective tariffs and more solid co-operation in the ways and means of ensuring adequate food supplies to this country. We should like to see more effort given to formulating wide and practical schemes for the solution of the pressing problem of unemployment which afflicts alike the Mother Country and her Colonies. Solve these problems and the insanity that provokes the growth of armies and navies will disappear. Well-fed and prosperous people are more capable of looking after themselves than those who are starved in body and sullenly despairing in mind.

The world is sick of wars and rumours of wars, and "Imperial Defence," high-sounding though it is, means in cold fact more and ever more expense to the taxpayer, and a diversion of energy from those things that mean in the long run the continuance or disappearance of the roots of civilisation.

We would remind the members of the Imperial Conference that the holding of their high office implies a serious responsibility towards the people whose destinies they hold in trust. The Empire is deadly sick for lack of statesmanship.

Open Door for Dope

DO the police really imagine that they have scotched the dope evil? It is true that recently there have been several sensational prosecutions, but there is ample evidence that cocaine and other deadly drugs are still finding an easy entry into the leading cities of Great Britain.

At the present moment the traffic in "dope" is more extensive than ever.

The explanation is simple. The police, while keeping a sharp eye on the Channel ports and other main entrances, have left the back door open. It is through the seaports of Ireland that vast quantities of these drugs are finding their way to Great Britain, and owing possibly to the confused relations between the two countries, since the Irish Free State came into existence, there appears to be no effective check upon their importation.

As it is, the vast sums of money spent in combating the evil are largely wasted.

The Real Meaning of the Ruhr Surrender

GERMANY has surrendered unconditionally, but are we any nearer getting Reparations? The French "victory" was never in doubt, but the real problem of the Allies is still how to turn it to solid account.

THE unconditional surrender of Germany has at last brought the Reparations tangle to the point when a serious and concerted effort by the Powers might well solve this vital problem once and for all, and give Europe the peace for lack of which she is perishing.

The frantic appeals of the Rothermere Press to "take off our hats to France," the cheap gibes of "Pro-Germanism" at those who dare to utter words of sanity and commonsense, are the merest unpatriotic bletherings in a period when Europe lies gasping in the throes of economic suicide.

It is not a question of being pro-French or pro-German, nor does a recognition of facts imply being anti-French.

The Ruhr adventure effectually put an end to the payment of Reparations by Germany, and the result it has achieved was obvious from the beginning. It has brought Germany to bankruptcy and to the brink of revolution. There is not a Statesman in Europe who can say Reparations are any nearer as a result.

To say, as a section of the Press has been doing, that the conversations between Mr. Baldwin and M. Poincaré have resulted in a reversal of British policy and a complete conversion to the French point of view is to distort the facts.

SINCE the French turned down Mr. Bonar Law's proposals, Britain has steadily held aloof from the fanaticism of M. Poincaré. It is in the last degree unlikely that even Mr. Baldwin could regard with equanimity a policy that may still have destroyed all hopes of Britain getting her share of Reparations, for, if a German revolution succeeds, the hope is gone.

The one solid fact to-day is that Germany has capitulated. The urgent need is still to discover and fix Germany's real capacity to pay. The choice, in spite of M. Poincaré's "victory," is still between a crushed and impotent Germany minus Reparations, and a Germany allowed, and even assisted, to get on her feet again and pay up.

We may well be excused for questioning whether M. Poincaré has ever been seriously concerned with the problem of extracting Reparations from Germany. In both word and deed he has steadily given the impression that his real object was the crushing of Germany into complete impotence, and the creation of a separate buffer state on the banks of the Rhine.

Such a project, however, is not the concern of France alone. Great Britain does want Reparations. She wants them moreover without being either compelled to sue for them as a vassal of France, or being compelled to pay for them the price of a fantastic military alliance to protect France.

MR. Baldwin's course is quite clear—to stand by his declared policy, and to translate his words into action. We have not the least desire to quarrel with France, but neither have we the least wish to see this country reduced to economic despair.

Moreover Great Britain cannot afford any longer to finance the world. The question of inter-allied debts cannot remain where it now stands. So long as Europe is suffering from the festering sore of potential bankruptcy, so long will the war-clouds hover above the dust of international irritation and distrust. The surrender of Germany has opened the way for the rediscussion of these problems in a sane and businesslike manner. It is at any rate the urgent duty of the British Government to see that such discussions take place.

The Jarrow Moral

ANYONE who doubts the appalling state of trade depression has only to look at Jarrow to have those doubts dispelled. In a town of 36,000 inhabitants there are only 7,000 who are earning anything at all. Such a picture of the constant menace of unemployment, the ever-present dread of future privation, and the bogey of insecurity, makes it easy to understand why the workman is so ready to resort to methods of ca'canny and strikes. To the onlooker such weapons are futile: they merely bring in their train lowered efficiency and decreased wages. They create and maintain a vicious circle of economic folly. On the other hand, the worker's terror of the future may well distort values till they seem good in his eyes.

There is no reason, except short-sighted apathy, why this bugbear of the workers should not be removed. On the one hand, it would involve adequate insurance, partly state-aided, which would cost less than nothing if viewed in its ultimate results of better industrial conditions and increased output. On the other hand, it would involve an honest acceptance on the part of the workers of all new machinery and every method for increasing output and improving trade.

It is the root of the whole matter. The man in the street lives in perpetual fear of the future, and this fear must be removed.

But to remove it implies a bargain with good faith on both sides. To-day the hour is opportune for this bargain to be made.

A Monstrous Rule

WHY should a man be disqualified from membership of a public body because at some previous date he has been assisted from the rates? Several times lately the question has come to the front, and frankly we are at a loss for an intelligent answer.

In one case an aspirant to membership of a Board of Guardians was disqualified because he had been a paying patient in the Poor Law Infirmary—paying more than the cost of his keep, and so helping the rates.

Upon what theory does this embargo rest? Is it to be concluded that poverty is such a crime that it stamps a man as utterly unworthy of the confidence of his fellows—such confidence as they display when they elect him, or nominate him for election, to a public body?

In our view if a man has met with misfortune and lives it down he is thereby more, and not less, fit to serve his fellows in public life.

The Swing of the Pendulum

by A. G. GARDINER

LESS than seven years separated the battle of Jena from that of Leipzig. Less than fifty years separated the siege of Paris from the Versailles Treaty. Swift or slow, the swing of the pendulum is sure, declares A. G. G. • Are the sane forces of the world to stand idle while history repeats itself?

THE passive resistance in the Ruhr has collapsed. Germany is down and out. M. Poincaré has triumphed and Mr. Baldwin and Lord Curzon cut as pitiful a figure before the world as any statesmen in history. For those who enjoy the humiliation of their own country—a very numerous tribe as Lord Rothermere knows—these are great and exhilarating days.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner

Let us see what it all means, and whither it all leads. For nearly five years, almost ever since the war ended, this country and France have been the principals in the biggest argument ever waged in this world.

I will state the argument briefly. We had fought the war to destroy Prussian militarism. We had won. The Kaiser was in exile, his armies were overthrown, his fleet was at the bottom of the sea, his people had repudiated the monarchy and set up a republic. The way was clear for establishing a new order in Europe. Hitherto we had all organised for war and made war and the preparation for war the chief occupation of the great nations.

Now, with Prussian militarism defeated and discredited, we could make a new start, organise for peace and gradually throw off our backs the enormous burden of armaments. Germany, of course, must pay the damages to the utmost of her capacity. But her destruction was no part of our idea. She was our debtor. We wanted her money. We wanted her trade. Her recovery was the condition precedent to these things.

We need not claim any high motive in this. I hope we were not wholly without high motives, but let us admit that self-interest was dominant. We lived by world trade more than any country in Europe, and unless the world could get back to normal conditions our industrial recovery was impossible.

THE argument of France was the contrary. M. Poincaré will live in history beside Marcus Cato, the terrific figure of ancient Rome, whose policy towards Carthage was summed up in the phrase he incessantly repeated "Delenda est Carthago." Carthage must be wiped out. Germany must be broken up and obliterated. Its destruction was the vital condition of French security.

This has been the real issue of the five years' struggle. It has been disguised under the sham fight about reparations and the smoke screen of the League of Nations. Behind these pretences M. Poincaré was mobilising his power. England disarmed and helped to disarm Germany; but M. Poincaré piled up his armaments to the skies, brought in hosts of African levies, established his supremacy in the air, torpedoed the Washington Conference and concentrated on submarines, financed the armies of Poland and Rumania, supplied the Turks, whom British blood and British money had defeated, with arms and ammunition to win back all they had lost, and built up a military despotism more powerful than anything the world has seen since the days of Napoleon.

When his preparations were complete he struck. He went into the Ruhr on the sham plea that no reparations had been paid and on the sham pretence that he was going to get them. His action brought the great argument to a head. We protested, refused to join in the adventure, declared that it would not bring reparations but destroy all hope of getting them. We induced Germany to make an impossible offer. M. Poincaré would not look at it, and turned on the screw more pitilessly.

At last Mr. Baldwin and Lord Curzon determined to come out into the open. They issued the Curzon Note, with its devastating indictment of Poincaré's policy, declared that policy to be illegal and showed that the ruin of Germany was ruining the industry of this country. Poincaré, backed by his press agency in England, took no more notice than he would have done if a dog had barked at him. We could bark but we could not bite. His press-gang in London insolently reminded us that he was armed to the teeth, and that we dare not oppose him. Six weeks' silence follows. Then the humiliated Premier of this great country issues a communique in which he says that we have "no difference of principle or divergence of policy" with Poincaré! And the Curzon Note, six weeks old, with its torrent of invective, is swallowed at a gulp! That is the end of the five years' argument.

POINCARE is master of Europe and can cut up the corpse of the German Empire at leisure.

Reparations do not matter to M. Poncaré. He has never wanted reparations. He has wanted possession of the coal and iron resources of Germany, and he has got them. He has wanted to break Germany, politically, to bits, and he has done it.

If revenge were good business we might be indifferent to all this. We might even be content that France should reign alone as the dictator of Europe, though we have never yet approved of dictators in Europe. But revenge is not good business. M. Poincaré can destroy the German Empire; but he cannot destroy the German nation. That is the fly in his ointment. The German nation will go on living somehow, and the more it is crushed and broken the higher will rage the fever in its blood. It will live to recover its freedom and to gratify its revenge, and all the teaching of history warns us how sure the swing of the pendulum is. M. Poincaré's victory has sown Europe with the seed of armed men.

NOW this is bad for business, and since M. Poincaré won't let us have reparations and does not show the slightest intention of paying the six hundred millions which France borrowed from us in the war, it is all the more necessary that we should recover our trade. Our taxation is four times what it was before the war; our employment is twice what it had ever been before the war; our exports have diminished in bulk by more than a third. On the path we are travelling our number is up. We can only get out of that path by securing peace in Europe.

Poincaré's policy means eternal war in Europe. Mr. Baldwin knows that; Mr. Bonar Law knew it; Mr. Lloyd George knew it. But when will British statesmanship face the enormous fact, say boldly that it will not see Europe shipwrecked and summon all the sane forces of the world to support it in a policy of appeasement and reconstruction?

Society Taunts the Poo

"What do our unemployed ex-Servicemen think of the gaiety and splendour of Society's Autumn Season?"

The Rt. Hon. G. N. BARNES

SOCIETY, we are told, is looking forward to an autumn season of brilliant and almost unprecedented gaiety and splendour. The unemployed workers, we know, will have to face a winter of unparalleled misery. The contrast makes one think.

I am no grudging killjoy, with sullen hate of brightness, mirth, and good cheer. I love the cleanly glitter of the well-spread table, the graceful forms of happy maids whirling in the dance, the enchantment of the theatre, the lift and stir of music, the sweetness of song, the merry laughter of good fellows rejoicing in their health and strength, and every kind of decent sport and pleasure. But at a time of such suffering as this nation is facing, the most tolerant of observers may well question whether a flashy parade of luxurious revelry is opportune, seemly, right, or even expedient.

The Bishop of Birmingham lately said that "it was useless to ask a worker to work harder while the streets and papers are full of the extravagances of the war profiteers." Hundreds of thousands of men who have fought and bled for England now stand at the street corners in our manufacturing towns without a job, without prospect or even hope of getting a job, with no earthly chance of buying coal, warm clothes, or a sufficiency of nourishing food for the wives and weans shivering in the hovel they call "home." What must they think of the gaiety and splendour of Society's autumn season?

Here is a typical experience reported to the Veterans' Association: "I am walking about bootless looking for work. My feet are all cut about and bleeding. This is worse than the war. I served from 1915 to 1919 in the Royal Engineers. Through lack of proper food (and often no food at all) my health is very bad, and I suffer a good deal from the after-effects of malaria. My poor wife, too, has no boots to her feet, and enough bread in the house to find a two little children."

In contrast to this discomforting ta the fashion papers that a lady really a decent frock for anything less than and that she cannot possibly dress " for less than some hundreds a year. well-known leader of Parisian fashion poodle is—oh, so sweetly dressed in a cut little fur coat with a small lace peeping out of a side pocket, a pi adorned with gold coins, indiarubbe two pairs of diamond earrings, one pai the ears being pierced at the base an

Now imagine the foodless, p soldier with cut and bleeding feet, sel at the kerb as this gaudy lady with her bedizened poodle alights from her car! How would he feel about it as the tomfool pup and remembered th "no boots to her feet," and the children" without bread?

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Your Brother in Hell

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(*Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.*)

IT is true that one half of the world knows not how the other half lives, but here is a picture of the sordid lives of our poor. The future of a country depends upon the happiness of all its people, and we are courting trouble in forgetting that behind such suffering there lurks a grim possibility.

THOMAS HOLMES, the police-court missionary, was once telling a great lady how the poor live in the slums of London. The lady was moved. At the end of the tale she said that she would like to meet a number of sweated home-workers, for she thought she could help them.

Holmes arranged a meeting. The lady addressed an audience of battered, woebegone, and half-starved old women. She told them that most of their troubles arose from ignorance of cooking. Bad cooking means indigestion, and indigestion leads to ill-temper, drink, perhaps violence. In order to keep the affection of their husbands, to save their money from the public-house, and to preserve their children from sickness, they must learn how to cook.

Thus far the tattered old bundles of rags on the chairs confronting the lady listened with blank apathy. But when she proceeded to talk to them about frying, stewing, and baking, and to speak of such utensils as casseroles and steamers, first they nudged themselves, then they grinned, then they chuckled, and presently they laughed so frankly that the lecturer inquired what she had said to amuse them. Holmes explained. "These women," he said, "cook at a little open fire, and their only utensil is a fork."

When he told me this story he said, "There is a genuine sympathy among the rich for the poor, but it is the most ignorant sympathy you can imagine. They haven't the ghost of an idea of family life in one room. If they knew the truth something useful might be done."

THIS dangerous and guilty ignorance continues to the present day. Government pretends to know and begins to move; but moves as if it had a hundred years in which to develop its plans. Newspapers talk of unemployment as a thing unconnected with the human stomach, and of overcrowding as a thing unconnected with the human heart. All of us are disposed to think of these grave evils only as difficult problems in economics. What we have to do is to remind ourselves that they involve human suffering—the suffering of valuable men, of delicate women, and of defenceless children.

Glance at these recent samples of working-class life:

A lady attached to a London police-court told the British Association that she went into a basement the other day where a woman had just died of cancer. This dead woman had given birth to twenty-two children. Of these twenty-two children twelve were alive. They were living in that dark basement with their father. In a Lambeth slum she found a family living in two tiny rooms. The mother was only twenty-eight years of age, but had given birth to seven children, all struggling for existence in that miserable "home" of two tiny rooms.

AT Swansea the following cases of human suffering have been discovered by the British Legion: In one house, thirty-one people packed together worse than any animals, seventeen of them children. In another little mean house, the normal rent of which should be 10s. a week, six families all herded together. In a single dark ill-smelling scullery, a man, his wife, and his children, struggling, God knows how, to live a decent family life. In a miserable room, containing one wretched bed, a mother going through the agonies of child-birth, her other children huddled together, trying to sleep, their little thin arms round one another, at the foot of the same bed.

These things have come to light. Yes, for a moment. What happens to them afterwards? They continue in the darkness. The public reads and forgets. Medical men and social workers strive like heroes to relieve some of this infinite suffering, strive to get something done by the State; but the darkness has fallen upon them once more, the public has forgotten, and they feel that the Government regards the flesh-and-blood men, women, and children among whom they labour so splendidly but so hopelessly only as statistics.

Sir W. Joynson-Hicks, M.P., Minister of Health.

The story is told of a poor man who obtained an interview with a millionaire. The poor man narrated his sufferings. Before he was half-way through his story tears came into the rich man's eyes and at its conclusion he was shaken by sobs. Then he rose and rang the bell. A footman appeared. "Turn this poor man out," said he, "for he is breaking my heart."

I do not much believe in appeals to the heart. They succeed only with those who are by Nature benevolent. They do not touch the thousands who never lift a finger and never give a shilling to relieve distress. How are we to reach this dense mass of ignorance and selfishness? How are we to move the whole nation to do its bounden duty?

THE best way, I think, is to appeal to the reason and the conscience of the nation. What do we propose to do? Is it sane to do nothing? Is it politic to be indifferent? If we ourselves were crowded into one beastly room, and woke every morning to unemployment and hunger, and had nothing before us but the dingy streets of a manufacturing town, and heard our children whimpering with hunger, and saw our women, dirty and dishevelled, distracted by the utter despair of their situation, what should we do? Should we do nothing?

These suffering men and women, hanging desperately on to life in conditions that would turn most of us into wild beasts, are beginning to regard patience as a crime, and hope as a liar. They are telling one another that they cannot go on much longer. And the Bolshevist is telling them that nothing will be done for them till they show their claws. Remember the Suffragettes. Remember the gunmen of Ireland. Are we postponing insurance till the house is on fire?

LET me warn everyone who reads these lines that the distress of millions of our fellow-countrymen is now greater than it is right for any man to bear. Hunger is an evil thing. Cold is a worse thing. But hopelessness is the hell of the human soul.

Let us beware how we treat human nature, for it belongs to God. "Therefore say I unto you, The Kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof. And whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder."

We have been called a nation of shopkeepers. Shall our epitaph be written as a nation of fools?

Society Taunts the Poor

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

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In contrast to this discomforting tale, I read in the fashion papers that a lady really cannot buy a decent frock for anything less than fifty pounds, and that she cannot possibly dress "respectably" for less than some hundreds a year. I read of a well-known leader of Parisian fashion whose tiny poodle is—oh, so sweetly dressed in a fashionably cut little fur coat with a small lace handkerchief peeping out of a side pocket, a pigskin collar adorned with gold coins, indiarubber shoes, and two pairs of diamond earrings, one pair in each ear, the ears being pierced at the base and at the tip."

Now imagine the foodless, penniless ex-soldier with cut and bleeding feet, selling matches at the kerb as this gaudy lady with her monstrously bedizened poodle alights from her sumptuous car! How would he feel about it as he gazed at the tomfool pup and remembered the wife with "no boots to her feet," and the "two little children" without bread?

Mr. Geo. N. Barnes, in the book which I quoted last week, refers to the resentment which embittered his soul in his early days, when hungry and penniless, he tramped London, in futile search of work. He was a clever artisan, a man of exceptional ability and grit; he contrived to struggle out of the pit and made good. But even when he had risen to the high dignity of a Cabinet Minister, he still remembered the black blight and rancour of that wretched experience. What then must be the gall and venom rankling in the breasts of the helpless thousands who can't possibly get out of the abyss, when they see or read of the insolent freaks of frenzied swank in the parvenus' gilded stories?

It is true that it is beyond the power of our social drones, with all their wealth, to cure England's poverty. But every hundred pounds squandered in idiotic orgies, with the sheer vulgar aim of showing off, might, if wisely dispensed, save some poor woman's child, now drifting towards crime or prostitution, and help it to healthy and useful citizenship.

The Evil "Glad Eye"

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

(Author of "The Night Haunts of London," etc.)

Springing up all over London are houses of Shame, thinly camouflaged as "private" rooms, social and dance clubs, or modest looking millinery shops. Behind the innocent exteriors of these establishments, high carnival is held, and fortunes are being made by vampires who trade in immorality. Can the authorities fail to act after the sensational revelations given below?

THE London County Council, I understand, is giving close attention to the revelations in JOHN BULL concerning the increasing activities of the underworld gangs. We may hope, therefore, that the winter campaign of Evil will be, in a large measure, checkmated. Particular attention, I learn, is to be paid to the notorious night clubs whose activities have been exposed in these columns, where drinking orgies at all hours have attracted some of the worst characters in London.

This week I go further, and place before the authorities another grave aspect of this urgent question. I trust that the London County Council will deal with it with equal promptitude. A private syndicate has been lately formed to run "private" dining-rooms. It is well known that for some years past certain foreign restaurateurs have amassed considerable wealth in letting out "private" dining-rooms at exorbitant prices. This is a tainted source that must be one of the first to be dealt with in the campaign for a Cleaner London.

* * *

What I dislike about this whole business is that the authorities on the one hand decry what they actually wink at all the time. They know very well that dotted around the West End and in other districts of London are scores and scores of these cafés which are nothing more or less than disorderly houses.

If it is right, if one should take what the cynical term the "worldly view" about these things, then let us have done with this hypocrisy, and openly give official sanction and supervision to these questionable restaurants, as they do on the Continent. But if the view, which is backed by the whole of the middle-class, is adopted, that such licence makes for evil, then for heaven's sake let us have done with this sickening pretence and wipe these foreign joy-houses out of existence. The police know all about them, and the fact that they take no action lends wing to the reprehensible whispers of blackmail that are heard time and again against the authorities.

* * *

Proprietors of gambling dens have told me "in confidence" that while it is true that they make much money for the use of their rooms, this profit is very much discounted by the amount of hush money they have to pay. "I know exactly when I am to be raided," one told me, "I get the wheeze just before." I told this man that I refused to credit his story. "Why be raided at all if, as you say, you have the pull?" "Just for the look of the thing," he replied. "It has to be done occasionally. My arrangements are that I am to be raided once in about six weeks!"

I took this for what it was worth, as a mere piece of braggadocio. Yet it was strange that the next time

Mr. CYRIL JACOBS, Chairman of the Public Control Committee, L.C.C.

this club was raided nothing incriminating was found.

So much for that. It may be bluff on the man's part, or disloyalty on the part of the police. This much I do know, however; that those who are responsible for the cleanliness of London are well aware of the daily and nightly uses to which these West End restaurants are put.

* * *

Another point: Why are the owners of flats permitted to advertise openly that rooms can be engaged by the night or by the week? If those who are on the lookout to check blatant immorality in London could only abolish "private" dining-rooms—where many an innocent girl is daily ensnared—and one-night flats, half the problems which confront them would, I maintain, be solved immediately.

It is perfectly obvious to anyone that the majority of these avaricious owners are simply out for tenants of a certain class. Why let these wealthy law-breakers off more lightly than the woman who accosts in the street? There is something repelling in the whole attitude of officialdom towards this grave question.

Here is another matter which I pass on to the detectives who are now moving energetically as the result of our disclosures. During the course of my investigations I went with a friend to Soho. We first of all gained admittance into a "private" social and dance club, gave the "glad," and procured drinks long after the less-favoured could get them outside. The London County Council regulations were blithely ignored. All you had to do in order to get in was to give the "glad eye." The Evil Eye, according to the Egyptians, is about the greatest of all evils. Not so in England. Our Evil Eye is the "Glad Eye," and we have joked about it so much that we are not aware that it has become the secret sign of the most dissolute set in London. "Give the 'glad' and you are admitted to the brotherhood of of the wicked."

In another club for men and women, held in a hotel in the St. Martin's district, we discovered that this was another of the many drinking dens which masquerade under the name of Club, and go on merrily under the sanction of the authorities. This particular club has a peculiar reputation—as many of them have—and the fact that it is being run by a man well known as a hotel proprietor, shows that there is a considerable amount of money in the game; otherwise he could hardly risk exposure which would ruin his other more respectable hotels.

He might aver that he does not know the true character of this "drinking" establishment. That is, of course, no excuse. His manager runs the club exclusively with the assistance of a few intimate friends who act with him as a Committee.

Do the authorities wish to know the name of this club? By closing it down they mark one further stage in the campaign of cleaning up London. The club in question meets once or twice a week, when dancing, cards, drinking and other diversions are indulged in. As in the other cases I have mentioned, drink—and plenty of it—is obtainable at all hours. If the usual supply runs short, all the members have to do is to file up in the ladies' cloakroom, where further supplies of whisky are stored for safety, and the bowl flows over long after hours. Should the supplies again run short, there is the third line of defence to fall back upon—the manager's private cellar.

* * *

These drink and dance clubs are going strong, and I suggest the reason is that other attractions are offered. In any case, this cloakroom drinking habit has a very pernicious ring about it, and it must be stamped out rigorously. More than one young girl of unimpeachable character has been tempted to "have a drink in the cloakroom" to her ultimate downfall. In some instances the women attendants are accessories, and in one particular club of the better class, the attendant holds in readiness a supply.

The ways of the men and women who make fortunes out of dissoluteness are devious. Their latest "stunt" is to employ modest-looking millinery and blouse shops, some of which abound around Soho and other parts of London. High rents are charged, but the owners seem to make big profits, certainly not by selling the few tawdry garments which are displayed as a blind in the shop window.

* * *

From where does the evil-looking proprietress get her jewellery and luxurious car? I can tell you. From the prosperous syndicate of law-breakers, which is run under innocent-sounding titles, but whose name should be "Vice Unlimited." These syndicates strive to utilise every possible medium in opening up more branches of their unclean business. They run the blocks of "residential flats," which disgrace almost every district in the metropolis—the homes of morally loose women for which huge rents are charged; they traffic in souls, in dope, in drink, and import and export white slaves.

* * *

Here is a glaring instance of their new activities. In Soho there is a notable fashion priestess whom we shall call Madame Tu-Tu. Madame keeps a dress-making establishment. But she also keeps much more than that. The real nature of Madame's calling is so disguised that not even her neighbours know it.

Behind the discreet screens, and in the privacy of her saloon and fitting-room; she keeps a stock of drink and "white snuff" which she camouflages with boric powder. While she is measuring you for a frock or a hat, she is sizing you up in another fashion altogether. She wonders if you are game, and if you have the "dough." Just give her the "glad eye," as she gazes at you, ostensibly to see whether the hat fits, and you can command anything that the perverted taste fancies—provided you pay the price!

* * *

Madame Tu-Tu is quick at judging character. Once give her the impression that you have wealth, and you need not ask for anything. She presses it on you, and should you be a novice in any of the vile arts she practises, you will have taken several drinks before you have realised that Madame Tu-Tu is wrapping up the most expensive Parisian models (from Mile End!) Finally, you find that you can just pay your fare home.

Madame Tu-Tu is a pestilential example of a type which is springing up all over London. Let the authorities purge London of this class of vampire, lest the morals of the metropolis sink to the level of Madame's own native town!

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to measure for

£2:5:0

or in

S. B. CHESTERFIELD STYLE

£2:0:0

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[Photo by Personality Photo Press.

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HERE IS OUR UNIQUE PLEDGE.

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£3:10:0 to Measure	WOOL SUIT to Measure for	to Measure THE FINEST
All-Wool Indigo Dyed, London Shrunk, Blue Serge Suit ever Produced.	£2:0:0	£3:5:0 RAINCOAT on the market. Lined throughout.

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THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

Bishops Hear a Sermon

by HARRISON OWEN

BEFORE Mr. Justice Bull and jury of laymen, the Bishops of Exeter and Truro were charged with aiding and abetting their ecclesiastical brethren in the pernicious practices of fooling, footling and fiddling.

The accused refused to plead, on the ground that they did not acknowledge the jurisdiction of a civil court in matters of this kind.

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., said that in support of the charges he would draw the jury's attention to a discussion on "Should wives obey their husbands?" conducted by members of the Church Militant Organisation in connection with the Church Congress at Plymouth. Of this Congress the Bishops were joint-presidents, and so must accept a large share of responsibility for the time-wasting nonsense in which their less eminent associates indulged.

"The moving spirit in this debate," continued Mr. Watchdog, "was the Rev. Herbert Davis, minor canon of Hereford Cathedral, and the canon's opening roar was a protest against the 'giving away' of brides. This opened the floodgates of futility, and, ere long, various excited speakers had condemned wedding rings as being suggestive of 'chains and slavery,' had objected to wives promising to 'obey' their husbands and had suggested various footling amendments to the marriage service.

"IF silly old ladies of both sexes like to talk this kind of nonsense," counsel proceeded, "I have sufficient respect for freedom of speech—even for freedom of screech—not to wish to interfere; but when a Church Congress can think of no more important subjects with which to occupy its time, mere laymen are moved to ask whether there is justification for paying bishops enormous salaries and providing them with palatial residences. These churchmen, while very anxious to save women from the 'slavery' implied by the wearing of a wedding-ring, show no desire to save them from the awful fate of being linked for life with a criminal lunatic, as some women are and will continue to be as long as the Church maintains its pig-headed attitude toward divorce.

"The Church unfortunately, has lost the spirit of the old Crusaders at a time when the crusading spirit is most urgently needed. Whenever a man deeply imbued with religious feeling talks of things that really matter he is listened to with profound respect, as was shown when Sir Hall Caine, from an undenominational pulpit in Long Acre, preached on 'Has Christ Failed?' which sermon was quoted in hundreds of churches throughout the Kingdom. Yet, with an example such as this to inspire them, churchmen still fritter away time discussing whether women should wear hats when listening to sermons!"

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, for the defence, said it was unfair to blame his clients for the explosions of minor canons. Gentlemen holding the rank and drawing the salaries of Bishops were often little better than pawns on the chess-board of a Church Congress. It was equally unfair to condemn clergymen for not attracting congregations as large as that addressed by Sir Hall Caine, for if people were determined to do without religion even Bishops could not force them into the churches.

The jury found both the accused prelates "Guilty."

"When counsel says that even Bishops cannot force people into churches," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "he seems to forget that empty pews are often due to an empty head in the pulpit. As the Archbishop of York has remarked: 'Religion attracts, but the Church repels.' I am afraid this state of affairs will continue until Bishops give up prattling about park 'immorality,' canons cease to volley and thunder against the wickedness of flappers, and parsons, instead of launching futile philippics against Sunday games, attack some of the real evils of the age. The sentence of the court is that the Bishops shall be deprived of gaiters and aprons, and shall button their collars in front like ordinary men until such time as they learn the sort of church leadership ordinary men require."

THE LURE OF OPTIONS

"£1 *PER week paid on* £10 *deposited (returnable).—Write, London Option House, 26, Hart St., W.C. 1.*"

Having had our attention called to the above advertisement, which has been appearing of late in a certain widely circulated London daily newspaper, and feeling pretty confident that it could be nothing but a dud, we applied for particulars.

The reply we received had nothing whatever to do with what is indicated by the advertisement, but merely contained the touting circulars of Mr. Danzy S. Wilson, who is running a bucket shop at the address given. He puts forward all the usual claptrap of the outside broker when recommending the uninitiated to indulge in that most pernicious form of gambling known as option dealing.

He let us first of all have his tips as to the prospects of an immediate advance in Argentine Rails, and within a few posts followed up his initial effort with an attempt to cajole us into speculations in tea shares.

He fortifies his recommendations with quotations from the financial columns of the *Sunday Times*, implying, or seeming to imply, that the Financial Editor of that journal is to be taken as an advocate not only of the stocks and shares recommended, but also of Mr. Wilson's methods of so-called business, which is, of course, preposterous.

We need hardly repeat what we have said in several recent issues, that these so-called option deals are much more risky, and far less moral, than backing horses. It is quite obvious, from the methods advocated by Mr. Wilson, that his clients' losses must be his gains, so that his recommendations cannot in any sense be described as disinterested, while, should a client by chance secure a profit on paper, it is by no means certain that Mr. Danzy Wilson would be at his address when the money was called for. This is the first time we have heard of the London Option House, but Mr. Danzy S. Wilson's name is familiar to us. Readers should have nothing to do with him.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"DAILY SKETCH":—"Found in the Channel with NOBODY ON BOARD, the French steamer Orrugne has been towed to Dover. THE CREW WERE TAKEN ABOARD a Dutch vessel."

"EVERY GIRL'S PAPER":—"Enid told him all she had suffered by the slight she thought he had put upon her, and as he listened his EYES SET IN A HARD LINE."

"NOTTINGHAM JOURNAL":—"At the ANNUAL inquest yesterday the dead woman was identified."

"HOLIDAY FUN":—"There was a composer who, on wet days, enthralled the ladies with the improvisations that seemed simply to flow from the LIPS of his SLENDER WHITE FINGERS."

"PICTORIAL MAGAZINE":—"He kept on running and running . . . generally STANDING STOCK STILL WHILE HE RAN."

"WOMAN'S PICTORIAL":—"He has only gained four ounces in the month, being now sixteen pounds, SIXTEEN OUNCES."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—"WIFE of a RUSSIAN PRINCESS, and daughter of an Austrian baroness, the Princess painted the portraits of many rich Americans."

"WOMAN'S WORLD:"—"The dinner was burning on the stove, and THE STOVE and the children WERE CALLING OUT TO BE FED."

"WESTERN INDEPENDENT":—"Most of the WOMEN she encountered were generous, open-hearted, MEN AND WOMEN."

"HOME MAGAZINE":—"Arnold could see his brother's golden hair and his CURLING dark blue EYES which smiled up at him."

20 for 1/-

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—*vide Press.*

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Douglas Stuart

5, DRURY ST., GLASGOW

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES"
—*vide Press.*

IF anything were needed to bring me over to the side of the Papyrus match, it would be the stupid and narrow views which have been expressed in the columns of the sporting Press by people who ought really to know better. The comical thing about the technician is his intense indignation when any layman takes, or attempts to take, a quasi-scientific interest in his particular science. And naturally, the racing technician, who is not always the most intelligent of persons, is treating the Papyrus match either with lofty scorn, sneering denunciation, or that peculiar attitude which may be described as "sniffing superiority."

A Humorous Outburst.

It is comical indeed to read, in the columns of a newspaper which is run by one of the best fellows in the world, denunciations of this "stunt" as being inimical to the interests of sport. Ye gods! And this is from a gentleman whose real interest in sport very properly is sheerly and, I believe, solely financial. I am not suggesting that he is any the worse for that. Indeed he is, as I have said, a most charming and most excellent good fellow—one of the very best.

Public Opinion.

The fact is—and I take this opportunity of impressing it upon the sporting Press of this country, though God knows it would take a bigger sledge-hammer than my pen to impress it with anything but a sense of its own infallibility—that the public are tremendously interested in this Papyrus match; and I venture to predict that if this match came off in time to allow the result to be put on the streets in the afternoon, the result would sell as many papers as the result of the St. Leger. Unfortunately, the match does not take place until about half-past eight p.m. Greenwich time.

Why not Annually?

There really is nothing "stunty" at all about the match. There ought to be an annual international race, and the winner of that race should have the right of nominating the country from which it emanates as the venue for the next. Supposing Papyrus does not get upset by the climate, there is no reason in the world for laying five to one against him, and certainly no reason for these unmannerly outbursts against Mr. Irish and his trainer. It is a good sporting event, and ought to be encouraged, and would be encouraged if the sporting Press knew its business.

Cesarewitch Betting.

If we take any notice of the Cesarewitch betting, the race is all over and Ceylonese has won it. On his Doncaster performance and on his best form this horse is chucked in, but Sir Abe Bailey has been most unfortunate in regard to this handicap. I am inclined to think that you will see Ceylonese at a longer price, unless Apron wins the Newbury Cup. At any rate, it seems stupid to take a very short price about the horse before the day of the race. There are one or two fellows that are at long odds that will start shorter, one of which is Sewing Machine; whilst the King's horse London Cry is by no means out of it.

Five Winners—and a Loser!

"There is so little money in the ring that it's almost a shame to tip winners," said a sardonic newspaper man the other day. He had tipped five winners and had backed five horses that were down the course! Our sympathies go out to him.

More New Rules.

I think I am right in saying that the Jockey Club has made more amendments to the rules of racing in the past few years than they did in the previous twenty. And now they propose making a rule which gives them the power to warn off the tipster-owner, that is to say, any owner who conveys information about his horses for a monetary consideration.

Sports and by ROWLEY

Kept the "Unwritten Law."

Personally, I think the Jockey Club would be well advised to maintain as many of its laws "unwritten" as possible. It has enormous powers, and certainly sufficient power to deal with the tipping owner. What strikes me is that the real danger, from the Jockey Club point of view, is that unconsciously it is drifting toward a recognition of the betting aspect of the sport, and that, so far, the Club has avoided.

No Newspaper Tips.

Under the new rule, what will be the position of the owner of a racing newspaper? What, indeed, will be the position of men of such eminence in the racing world as Sir Edward Hulton? If one of his numerous journals tips a horse of his (for profit, since every winner is profitable), does he come under the ban? By the reading of the rule I think he does. The introduction of hard and fast rules is going to embarrass the Jockey Club more than the possible delinquent. Tacitus said: "When the state is most corrupt then the laws are most multiplied." The Jockey Club's passion for adding new clauses is no great advertisement for the purity of the turf.

NEWMARKET NOTES.

The Cesarewitch.

Our Cesarewitch horses are all making good progress. Ceylonese is, I feel sure, R. Day's best. Bellman has been backed and will give his connections a good run for their money. London Cry is giving every satisfaction. These three horses are all genuine candidates, and I think the winner will be found amongst them.

Duke of York Stakes.

Soubriquet goes for this and has been given some rousing gallops lately, in which she has gone well. Top Gallant, if seen out here, should run well. This is about as far as he cares to go at racing pace. If this is Holy Friar's selected race, he should be thereabouts.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

NEWMARKET (Wednesday).
1.30 Sunny Bill (Polycarey, Lowood).
2.0 Parmesio (Halcyon, Alimony).
2.30 Highbrow (Carbonaro, Prince Herod
3.0 San Utar (Grand Polly, Helsby).
3.30 Jarvie (The Basilisk, Silver Grass).
4.0 Tippler (Polyphontes, Iturca).
4.30 Sierra Leone.

NEWMARKET (Thursday).
1.30 Raekway (Badnabay, Dry Gin).
2.0 Berengaria (Crusader's Pet, Sternlight).
2.30 Beanse Rase (Topboot, Widow Bird).
3.0 Lord Derby's Selected.
3.30 Double Hand (Sweet Hackness f.).
4.0 Ozone (Appleby, Haji).
4.30 Sapphire (Precious, Olive Belle).

NEWMARKET (Friday).
1.0 Polydipsia (Norah McTavish, Poetaster).
2.0 El Tofan (Ballast, Friarsdale).
2.30 Crispena (S. B. Joel's Selected)
3.0 Bucks Yeoman (Straitlace, Chime).
3.30 Twelve Pointer (Roger de Busli, Star Chamber).

BATH (Wednesday).
2.0 Dress Circle f. (Oshkosh, Eastern Elegy).
2.30 Detritus (13th Hussar, Otford).
3.0 Peter Rush (Fiver, Desire).
3.30 Canon Rosy (Grave and Gay, Righteous).
4.0 Rafnam.
4.30 Myrock (Margodo, Yarta).

BATH (Thursday).
2.0 Amphora g. (Varaine, King Kelly).
2.30 Psyche (Orland, Breeze).
3.0 Hungarian (Blasoner, 13th Hussar).
3.30 Mary Selby (Tonio, Cooldrinagh).
4.0 Dagmar.
4.30 Lockham.

ALEXANDRA PARK (Saturday).
1.15 Bruera (Teheran, Pont Royal).
2.0 Breeze (Montifringilla, Elevation c.).
2.30 Golly Eyes (Martinique, Castile).
3.0 Meesme (Heloise, England's Gate).
3.30 Quarter Deck (Cadabra, Silver Hue).
4.0 Blarney Stone (Phat, Bengal).
4.30 Hard Battle.

Newmarket October Handicap.

Stavropol is a big, powerful horse, capable of carrying the heavy impost of 9 st. 10 lb. Irish Belfry will be more at home over this course; she has been going well lately and is much fancied to make a bold show. Highbrow has missed several engagements, probably for this. If saddled here, Despote will take a lot of beating. Carbonaro has been galloping with Soubriquet and Captain Fracasse, and certainly strides out much better now the ground is soft. I like his chance very much. Flammette is a greatly improved filly which has recently been galloping in good style with Greek Bachelor, Kingston Hill, etc. Archibald will be able to have the mount, for she needs strong handling. In taking Carbonaro and Flammette against the field, I give preference to the latter.

Great Eastern Railway Handicap.

Sacyon will probably give way to his stable companion, Colossus, which has a good chance of winning. Friar will not run, but Francis Joseph is well and will have to be reckoned with. Big things are expected of Alexandrosheue. This is a good stamp of horse, which has been winning races in Italy. Whether this is the race selected for him I do not know, but he should not be allowed to run loose. Ruysdael has done well since being in Sadler's charge. R. Jones has, I understand, been retained to ride him, and whatever beats him will win.

Bentinck Nursery.

Joel's selected will, I think, be Sternlight. This is a very useful colt, reported to be their best two-year-old, and he should be watched from now onwards. Carmel will not run, having been on the walking list since Doncaster, but the stable have a good substitute in China Orange, which was narrowly beaten at Alexandra Park. H. Sadler's best two-year-old is Santolina; this filly is very fast indeed, and will be well suited by the easy course. R Jones rides and the animal is considerably fancied. Another that must have a real chance is Montifringilla. The race bears a very open appearance, and I like best Sternlight and Santolina, with a slight preference for the latter.

Norwich Handicap.

Mr. Joel is responsible for four, and I fancy he will win the race. Holy Friar is the best at the weights, and if this is his selected race he should be backed. Rosemead is a nice filly, which has dropped a good deal in the handicap, and in Holy Friar's absence I take her as our best.

Ditch Mile Nursery.

Roysterer has been coughing and may not run. El Tofan is rather a slow beginner, and will be nicely suited over the mile; this colt will be galloping when others have turned it up. Lady of Lemnos is certain to get the distance, and will probably be fighting out the finish. But I think Grand Joy will beat them all. He has made good progress since the spring, and judging by his home gallops I should say he is the best youngster C. Marsh has at the present time. There will be a lot of runners, and the winner will not be easy to find, but I expect Grand Joy to beat all ours and to go very near winning.

* * *

L'Aigion is going splendidly just now, and is a much better animal on soft ground. He showed up well recently when galloped with Knight of the Garter and Erne, and he will be winning again shortly.

Sportsmen MILE

ROWLEY MILESTONES.

Double Hackle has been turned out of training.

* * *

Marvex must be a pretty good horse, for his co-dead-heaters at Windsor, Dumas and Dinkie, to each of whom he was conceding a stone, are both a bit above the average.

* * *

Jarvie, who has been supported at outside prices for the Cambridgeshire, is said to be a likely runner for the Great Eastern Railway Handicap.

* * *

It may be unwise to assume that Top Gallant is deficient in stamina. He has been shaping well in some long-distance gallops of late.

* * *

Don't be surprised if Tricky Aunt proves to be the Whatcombe sheet anchor for the Cambridgeshire. According to present arrangements, Cos runs for the Duke of York Stakes.

* * *

A light-weight who is not unlikely to be favourably heard of before the season ends is Wootton's apprentice, R. Dick. As is generally known, the boy is a brother of David Dick, who has made such an auspicious commencement to the jumping season.

* * *

The "special" which conveyed Papyrus to Southampton arrived at Clapham Junction nine minutes late. As only twenty minutes had been allowed for embarkation, the railway authorities were at their wits' end, and to get over the difficulty the eleven o'clock express from Waterloo and several local trains had to be summarily "held up."

The Ball Game.

LIVERPOOL have not shown any form yet equal to their best of last season, but the champions are still a useful lot and likely to get back to their best any week. Anyway, I think they are a stone better side than their neighbours, and although Everton are at home this week-end, I give Liverpool to collect the two points. They invariably play well at Goodison Park. Burnley are settling down a bit and I do not think the visit of the Villa to Turf Moor will be profitable. Other home teams who should collect the two pound bonus are Manchester City, Middlesbrough, West Bromwich, Birmingham and West Ham. As I have said, Notts County are playing a bit above their normal form. I do not begrudge them their success, but I think the Spurs will beat them at Nottingham. Sheffield United are also good enough to win at Preston, and Bolton may get the points at Sunderland. Chelsea and Cardiff may draw, as, while the latter are the more accomplished and knowledgeable side, Chelsea are on the upgrade.

Division II. Prospects.

The Second Division list this week-end has a promise of many very keen and even struggles. The home teams who seem to have the best chances of winning are Bury, Clapton Orient, Crystal Palace, Leicester City, The Wednesday, Southampton and Stoke. Oldham v. Manchester United and Hull City v. Derby County will probably draw their matches. Barnsley at Stockport and Fulham at Coventry look the most likely away winners.

What Scots Should Do.

The Airdrieonians have been playing consistently good football in the Scottish League and must be considered good enough on top form to beat Partick Thistle, even on the latter's ground. Celtic are not by a long way as good as a few years ago, but they ought to beat Clyde at Celtic Park and other home teams who should win are Falkirk, Greenock Morton and Hamilton. Rangers, Hearts, Motherwell and St. Mirren have excellent chances of away victories. The Hibs. v. Raith Rovers looks to me a probable draw.

Not Fair.

Sunderland ought to be doing better than they are, and the reason of it is that Buchan cannot find the net. Always closely watched, the lengthy Charles gets only infrequent opportunities, but, in my opinion, he would be a greater force in away games were he not persistently barracked. Being a temperamental fellow, it does not exactly encourage Buchan to be the subject of cat-calls when he makes the slightest error, and I hope some crowds I could name but will not, will in future give him fair play. After all, Buchan is a football genius, and that's a lot more than are dozens who get just as much money as he does.

A Notts Boom.

It's a long time since Nottingham had two clubs in the First Division, and there is a real revival in the town. The County are not an elegant lot, but they are teaching some of the senior teams the value of going straight for goal and cutting out the pretty stuff. In a set of defenders that are not easy to beat, Albert Iremonger is still among the best dozen goal-keepers of the present day, and Ashurst, the back, is adding experience to a natural ability for the position he holds.

Amateurs Who Are Wanted.

Queen's Park's ground at Glasgow is the venue of a lot of Soccer scouts just now. Their lengthy outside left, McAlpine, has had many offers to turn pro, but there's nothing doing with him in this direction so far. Scottish experts say he is a rival to Morton for the outside-left in the international side, and it requires something well out of the ordinary to shift Morton. The Amateurs' right wing, Crawford and Chalmers, are also arresting the attention of a few managers.

Ex-Collier Wing.

Burnley's two ex-colliers on their right wing, Bennie and Kelly, are developing into a great combination. We all know of what Kelly is capable, but some of his partners have not had the intuition to play up to him. He says Bennie is the best man he has had with him for a long time. Burnley, by the way, seem to have given up the idea of parting with Anderson who, while not a G. O. Smith, continues to get goals.

FORECASTS FOR OCT. 13.

ENGLISH LEAGUE—DIV. I.
Home Winners.
Arsenal, Villa, *Bolton, *Cardiff, Huddersfield, Liverpool, *Sheffield United, *Spurs.
Away Winners.
*Middlesbrough.
Draws.
*Blackburn v. Birmingham, Newcastle, v. West Ham.

ENGLISH LEAGUE—DIV. II.
Home Winners.
*Barnsley, *Derby, Fulham, Leeds, Manchester United.
Away Winners.
Southampton, Bury, *Crystal Palace.
Draws.
*Blackpool v. The Wednesday, *Bradford City v. Leicester, Port Vale v. Stoke.

THIRD DIVISION—NORTHERN.
Home Winners.
*Darlington, Grimsby, Rochdale, *Southport, Tranmere, Walsall, *Wolves, *Wrexham.
Away Winners.
*Bradford, *Wigan.
Draws.
Ashington v. Crewe.

THIRD DIVISION—SOUTHERN.
Home Winners.
Luton, Merthyr, *Millwall, Newport, *Northampton, *Plymouth, Reading.
Away Winners.
*Bristol Rovers, *Portsmouth, Swansea.
Draws.
*Boscombe v. Norwich.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
Home Winners.
*Aberdeen, *Airdrieonians, *Motherwell, Queen's Park, *Raith Rovers, *Rangers, St. Mirren.
Away Winners.
Falkirk, *Celtic.
Draws.
*Clyde v. Clydebank.

Selections marked with an asterisk are good for coupon purposes.

A HALF OF PROMISE.

TWENTY years ago young Kean, of the Wednesday, would not have got into an International cap, but there are very few class half-backs playing nowadays, and when he appeared against Scotland last season his choice was not made through any favouritism. In fact it was due to a rapid improvement in a limited experience.

Kean is so much like the man who plays next to him, George Wilson, that when the pair get mixed up in a melée it is hard to sort them out. A big-boned, fair-haired youth, Kean has the physical resources of a good height and twelve stone, which are no drawback when allied to natural skill. There is no forward playing who can knock him off the ball, and only one or two who even try to!

Kean favours the old style of playing on top of his forwards, so gives one the impression that he is better as an attacking force than as a defender, but he can double back very quickly when his side have lost the ball and he can "pick up" most opposing forwards.

Kean reminds me of the late Ben Warren in his whole-hearted energy and enthusiasm, and he may yet reach the standard of that great player, for he is still very young.

Watch Seddon.

George Wilson of the Wednesday is still in favour with selection committees, but it will surprise me if he keeps Seddon out of the English team this season. One reason why Bolton are playing just as well as they were last back-end is that Seddon is even better. His height and reach—with his feet, of course—make him a most difficult man to beat, but he is no mere stopper, and as an asset to his forwards he is 50 per cent. in front of Wilson. Bolton are potential league champions, especially as they do not get nervy when playing away.

Bristol City Worried.

Bristol City have found points much harder to get in the Second Division than in the Southern section, and have been worried about their attack. Manager Alec Raisbeck has been looking round the north and in Scotland, and in Drinnin, a Glasgow youth from Larkhall Thistle, he has got a player of more than average ability. Drinnin plays the Scottish type of forward game, but has blended well with his new colleagues, and he promises to make good.

Fast Footer.

Dr. Milne of the Villa has discovered that the claim that English football is faster than that in Scotland is true. In many respects Milne is a great footballer, but he will have to find a lot more speed to establish a regular place in the Villa's League team, particularly as Ball has been showing very sound form at centre half. The Villa had a quiet opening, as I said they would, but they are always travelling well in the second half of the season.

Not Good Enough.

It is not nice to hear that one well-known amateur forward says participation in professional football is not good enough. He maintains that apart from not getting a fair deal he has more than once been deliberately hacked, and he is in future going to confine his activities to the more peaceful atmosphere of the unpaid. It is no secret that a lot of the pros resent the presence of an amateur either as a comrade or an opponent, and they carry their dislike towards personal injury.

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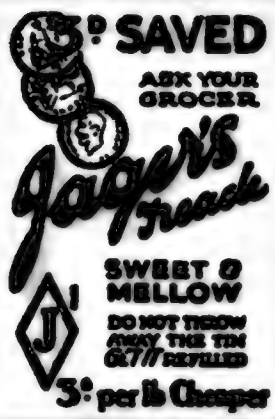

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Our Letter Parliament

Has Christ Failed?

Sir Hall Caine and his Critics

From Sir Ha'l Caine.

Thank you for sending me the very large batch of letters you have received from your readers about the article, "Has Christ Failed?" which (with the sole object of reaching a past and influential multitude) I contributed to your pages a week or two back. I have also received a very large batch of letters which were addressed to my home in the Isle of Man. I have done my best to read the whole of them (although some are longer than the article itself) and it troubles me to find that while many are warmly sympathetic, the majority are bitterly hostile and a few are abusive.

I am not altogether surprised at this. The subject was intensely controversial, and such as few persons can write upon calmly. And then I know that if ten men read an article and nine of them agree with it and one disagrees the nine rarely write to one's Editor, but the tenth always does.

In this instance, however, I am disturbed to find that the very heart and soul of my article have been misconceived by certain of your readers. In asking "Has Christ Failed?" I did not for one moment intend to imply a doubt in my own mind, still less a certainty, that He had done so, in the sense implied by your correspondents. Quite the contrary. I wrote as one who wished to say, "Has Christ failed, and lived in vain, that so long after his death the nations called Christian are governed on the pagan principles which he lived to condemn and died to wipe out of the world?" Also I wrote as one who wished to say that while individual man has become more and more Christian since Christ lived, so that to remove Christ's name from human history would be to shake the world to its foundations, collective humanity, as represented by the nations, has remained utterly pagan, practising every brutality and cultivating every racial hatred which is contrary to the spirit of Christianity.

Such was the intention of my article, and yet, missing this manifest purpose, the majority of my JOHN BULL correspondents begin their letters like this: "Has Christ Failed? No, certainly not! How dare you say He has?"

I find this disappointing, indeed almost heartbreaking. It is not conceivable that my correspondents approve of the barbarities Christ condemned—that they love war and rejoice in the fruits of war. Is it my fault that I have not made my meaning clear? The one quality which, as a writer, I have always arrived at is absolute clearness. To this I have, throughout life, sacrificed nearly all effort at the graces of style, never allowing myself to think of the way I was saying a thing before the thing I was saying. And yet here I am charged with opinions which are utterly opposed to those I intended to express.

Let me, then, say, once for all, and in the plainest words I can use, that I did not mean to say Christ had failed in his appeal to the soul of man, and I did not say so. On the contrary I intended to say, and I did say, that in the heart of individual man He had triumphantly succeeded, and that it only required that this heart should assert itself in the affairs of nations, above the clamour of pagan voices, to put an end for ever to the evil passions which make inhuman wars, separate race from race and poison the springs of love.—*Hall Caine.*

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Alien Criminals.

Why should British tax-payers be saddled with the cost of maintaining aliens in prisons? If we are compelled to house and feed such degenerates for years, before deportation, it seems reasonable that their native states should pay Britain incarceration expenses. In cases of murder occurring on English territory, where victim and accused are foreigners and British interests are unaffected, why should accused persons not be handed over for trial by the Government to which they belong? It seems absurd that in this country penalty of death may be imposed on an alien whose native government does not countenance capital punishment. —*A. A. W., Belfast.*

Possession of Firearms.

A short time ago, an eminent judge remarked that a revolver could be "of no legitimate use in this country and that he would like to see the day when its possession would be a criminal offence. Now is not this statement rather absurd? If such a state of affairs came to pass our personal security would be appreciably weakened. It is no doubt fear of arms that deters many a housebreaker from paying a visit, and if such a suggestion were enforced, burglars would be able to carry on their trade comparatively free from molestation. By all means let the licensing of firearms be made strict, but to debar everyone carrying them would be disastrous.—*N. E., Nottingham.*

The Limit in Meanness.

The miners of Ryhope Colliery, Durham, subscribed the sum of £3,500 in small sums and decided to devote it to the erection of a village War Memorial. This will take the form of ten aged miners homes, suitably inscribed, in which that number of broken old miners will live rent free the remainder of their days. One thousand three hundred men, representing 70 per cent. of the adult male population of the village joined the Army during the war, and 150 lost their lives. Now let us see how the authorities respect the fathers and mothers of these men. The working miners let the old people live rent free when done for work, but the Old Age Pension people swoops down upon them, and deduct it from their Old Age Pensions!—*I. D., Willesden Green.*

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Our Telegrams.

Is it in the interests of the coming "penny post" that several telegraph messengers in this district are without uniforms and cycles. One I saw recently clothed in rags, nearly shoeless and on foot though his had been a two mile journey. I cannot say if he had delivered a reply paid, but on his way back he was leisurely blackberrying. A cycle (to us who look to the P.O. for speed) would enable them to carry out their duties promptly.—*W. G. E., Farnham.*

Paper Boots.

Paper is a wonderful commodity in the right place, but people who buy boots and shoes believe there is nothing like leather for footwear. Certain bootmakers, however, are selling boots with compressed paper soles and heels and charging leather prices. The consequences to the mother of a healthy school-boy who kicks his boots out in little more than a week and then catches cold because paper won't keep the wet out are sad. Legislation should be introduced to stop such fraudulent trading.—*G. M., Porthill, Stoke-on-Trent.*

Is Solitary Confinement Cruel?

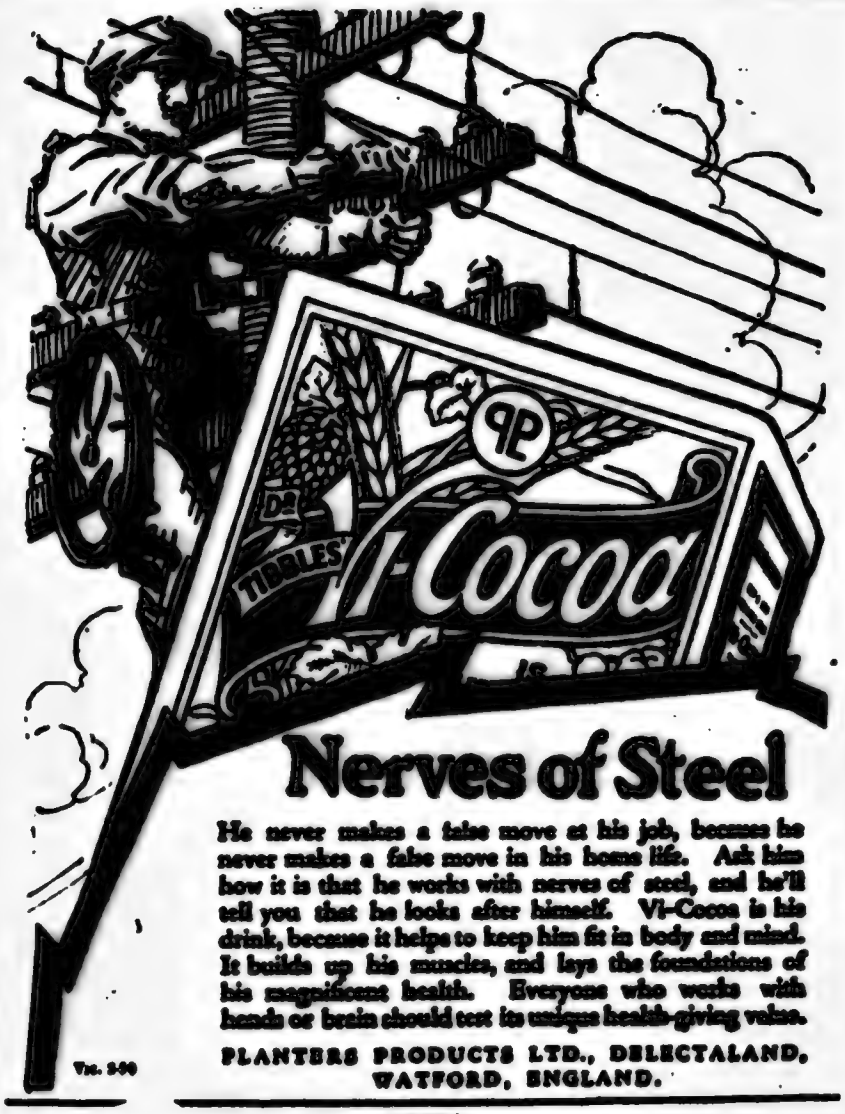
Long overdue is a searching inquiry into our method of dealing with those who break the country's laws. Hope, outlook and frequently the desire to live are destroyed in men packed in lonely torturing cells, and it is borne in upon them that they are unfitted for decent companionship. We create and maintain a class of habitual criminals because we have not yet realised that curative medical treatment is needed where only punishment is administered. Cell punishment will never heal constitutional and environmental ailments that combined produce the criminal condition. The State has yet to understand that many so-called criminals are defective.—*C. F. T., Leeds.*

Lure of the Golden West.

As an English-born Canadian, I wish to take strong exception to your article in which you criticise the handling of those men who went out to take part in the harvest. I have no hesitation in saying that there are opportunities in Canada for all who are prepared to work. Naturally there are sure to be a few growlers out of the 12,000 men who went over for the harvest, but it is most unfair that any paper should condemn a country because a few men are dissatisfied. There are two sides to every question, and I think, in all fairness, that you should give the views of the 90 per cent. of the 12,000 men who are well satisfied, and will remain in Canada.—*O. F. Brothers, Late Managing Editor "The Montreal Herald."*

Scotland's Builder-Emigrants.

At a time when immoral overcrowding, one-roomed houses, and unemployment among men in the building trade are staggering features of social conditions in Scotland, the flux of emigrating builders to the colonies from the Lowlands still persists and is encouraged by home and colonial governments alike. Over 250 emigrants left the Tayside area during the past week and among these were men whose loss to the home building trade is nothing less than disastrous. When, in the name of goodness, will the authorities realise that they owe a debt of gratitude to the ex-emigrants and to the people at home as a whole?—*F. S., Blackness, Dundee.*



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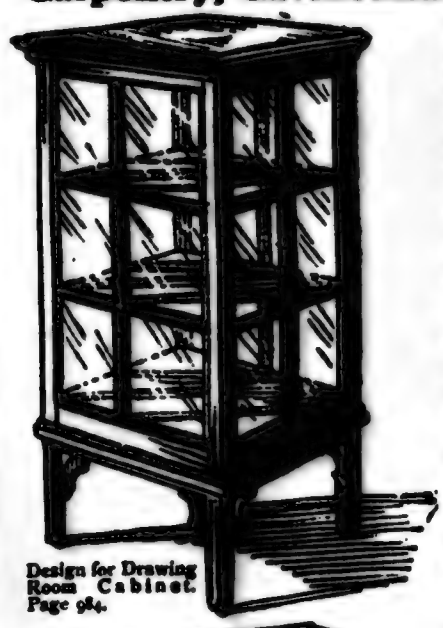

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STATE-AIDED IMMORALITY!

by ALFRED FELLOWS (Barrister-at-Law)

THE hard lot of the unmarried mother has been much tempered by our recent legislation. In fact, it is perhaps not too much to say that the last measure for her relief may in certain circumstances so mitigate the hardship that it passes the zero line, and takes the form of a benefit on a modest scale.

This measure is the new Bastardy Act, which received the Royal Assent on July 31, and came into force at the beginning of this month. Its main provision is to double the liability of the putative father by increasing his maximum weekly payment from 10s. to £1. Like the Act of 1918, which increased the liability from 5s. to 10s., it can be applied to vary orders already made, and to give disagreeable surprises to certain gentlemen who had estimated their burden on the basis of the previous law.

The present Act indeed may be regarded as marking a definite change of policy. That of 1918 merely brought the former maximum up to its pre-war value. No one, however, can suggest that the necessaries of life have increased four-fold since 1914. The policy therefore is to increase the father's burden, and lighten that of the mother.

A test of the working of the Act may be of interest. Two middle-class couples (the Smiths and the Browns) dwell next door to each other in semi-detached villas. Both, after the model enjoined (but not followed) by a popular bishop, have had a family on the old-fashioned scale, and five arrows decorate each quiver.

Presently, however, catastrophe comes to one household, when Mr. Smith, finding that the mother of his children is not so young as she was, departs with another woman. Mrs. Smith goes to her lawyer, and incidentally has to confess that, for one reason or another, she has omitted the ceremony of marriage.

The man of law, however, is equal to the occasion. Five separate affiliation summons are served and heard. There is nothing to be said for Mr. Smith; he has deserted the woman after she had borne his children and he had tired of her, and can afford to pay. So the sympathetic justices make a maximum order of £1 a week on each summons, or £5 in all.

However, bad examples are contagious and Mr. Brown very soon imitates his neighbour. Mrs. Brown goes to the lawyer, and, unlike Mrs. Smith, produces her "lines." The Bench, ever sympathetic, also gives her the maximum for a married woman—£2 for herself and 10s. for each child (the latter under an Act of 1920). Total, £4 10s.

So Mrs. Brown is left to reflect that, if she had not been so prudish, she might have had £26 a year more.

To put it bluntly, certain attractive women of the lower classes will soon find that they are considerably better off in "affiliating" a well-to-do man than in marrying a poor one, and a large increase of blackmailing actions may be expected. In other words, a nicely calculated immorality is at last placed by law on a paying basis.

The £1 limit is not necessarily too large if a woman has no money, but the maximum payment order should require renewing at least every twelve months, the mother to show continued incapacity to bear any burden.

Without these safeguards a young woman with a clever lawyer and two or three rich men among her "friends" may find a career of affiliation one of the simplest ways of obtaining money.

An Open Letter to the Duke of Westminster

WE are pleased to see that, at last, building operations have been commenced on the site in Pimlico Road you were good enough to give some time ago for the erection of working-class dwellings.

You won't miss this little bit of your vast holdings in London. It's no more than is due from you, considering what the leaseholders in the district have done to improve the neighbourhood at their own cost.

You are an acknowledged sportsman, so possibly you may be doing something more presently for the heavily burdened taxpayers and leaseholders of Westminster and Pimlico. It would be a grateful acknowledgment of your indebtedness to them, if only the most trifling percentage of the million you have just received for a comparatively small site in Ranelagh Road found its way to them.

They helped you to realise this huge sum, which is purely unearned increment to you. You have now set the London landlords a splendid example by stipulating that only married couples with children shall be accepted as tenants for the working-class dwellings to be erected in Pimlico Road. Set them another and give your serious consideration to the plea of the Westminster Ratepayers and Leaseholders' Association.

Your Pimlico inheritance, originally 400 acres of marshy farmlands, which as Crown property had a rent roll of £20 a year, now brings you in untold wealth, which you have done nothing to earn. The leaseholders pay all the local government costs that have increased the value of your properties so enormously.

Don't you think that they are entitled to some little recognition of their share in accumulating riches for you? As ground landlord of all the great squares east of Hyde Park Corner you are drawing a King's ransom every year.

Out of the great goods "the Gods have provided thee," do something for those who are heavily burdened with the great costs of the developments that have so enhanced the enormous values of your property.

BAD LEGS.

THE MESSAGE OF THE TREMOL STAFF TO SUFFERERS.

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READ THESE QUESTIONS:—

(1) Is there an open wound on your leg?
(2) Is your leg painful?
(3) Is it red, inflamed, burning, or itching?
(4) Is there skin inflammation or eczema?
(5) Is the leg puffy and swollen?
(6) Do the Veins stand out or are they varicosed?
(7) Is the knee painful, stiff or swollen?

If you suffer in any way as this—TREMOL WILL CURE YOU.

YOUR OWN TREATMENT PREPARED SPECIALLY FOR YOU.

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DON'T FORGET THIS. BY THIS TREATMENT YOU CAN CURE YOURSELF IN YOUR OWN HOME, WITHOUT RESTING, WITHOUT PAIN, WITHOUT RELAPSE OR FAILURE.

HELP FOR EVERY SUFFERER.

Not only from Great Britain and Ireland, but from every corner of the globe comes the demand from Sufferers for information about this great Treatment. Every day letters pour into the National Infirmary for Bad Legs from Sufferers anxious to be cured. To meet this demand for help the National Infirmary for Bad Legs have decided to send to all applicants

FREE OF ALL CHARGE:

(1) A LARGE ILLUSTRATED BOOK teeming with sound and valuable information which is sure to be the means of bringing about your speedy and permanent recovery and showing how the Treatment can be used in your own home.

(2) A BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED ALBUM of coloured plates of actual cases cured, and showing how the Treatment cures.

(3) A LEGAL GUARANTEE TO CURE.

(4) AN AUTHENTIC LIST OF CASES CURED IN YOUR OWN TOWN or neighbourhood, so that every Sufferer may see and talk with the people in his own district whom the Treatment has cured.

This great Free Offer is not a chance to be missed, so if you desire to have your leg made well, sit down now, fill in the Coupon below, and send to the

NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS,
WARD B.L.,
202, GREAT CLOWES STREET,
BROUGHTON,
MANCHESTER.

You will then receive by return of post and free of charge THE VALUABLE BOOK, THE ILLUSTRATED ALBUM, THE LEGAL GUARANTEE, THE LIST OF CASES CURED IN YOUR OWN DISTRICT, and advice on your case if desired.

Send this Coupon To-Day or Write To-Day.

FREE COUPON. WARD B.L.

Please send me your Valuable Book, Illustrated Album, Legal Guarantee, and all particulars as per your special offer.

Signed .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

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YOU MAY WIN
-a Hospital Benefits

All you have to do is to select from the First Division of the English League (Association) Six Teams which you think are the most popular.
Election and Decision by the majority of Votes.

The Great
FOOTBALL BALLOT

1-6 Prize	-	£500
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10 Prizes of each.		£10

Selections can be sent in on plain paper or on Ballot Forms which can be obtained post free. But each complete Vote must be accompanied by 1s. (not stamps) addressed to the Secretary.

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Result of Voting and List of Prize-winners will be announced later.
Vote as often as you like—no limit—and VOTE TO-DAY.

'TONSILS' 'ADENOIDS'

and all
CATARRHAL TROUBLES
in Children and Adults
should be treated by
The KYNASTON Method

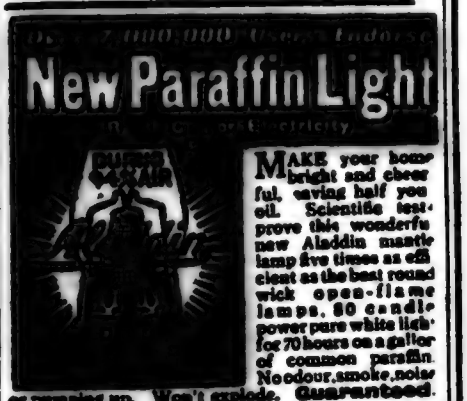
"95 per cent. of the operations for the removal of TONSILS and ADENOIDS are totally unnecessary."

THIS definite statement is made by Dr. Kynaston, one of the best known West End Throat, Nose and Ear Specialists, who, after years of study and practical application, has perfected a medical treatment which does away with those operations and is a certain remedy for CATARRH.

The treatment is so simple that it can be carried out with absolute confidence in your own home.

Write, enclosing 1½d. in stamps, or call for particulars

Director, DR. KYNASTON'S INSTITUTE,
Sicilian House, SOUTHAMPTON ROW (Kingsway End), LONDON W.C.1. 'Phone: Museum 751.



MAKE your home bright and cheerful, saving half your oil. Scientific tests prove this wonderful new Aladdin mantle lamp five times as efficient as the best round wick open-flame lamps. 80 candle power pure white light for 70 hours on a gallon of common paraffin. No odour, smoke, noise or pumping up. Won't explode. **Guaranteed.** Beware of cheap burner contraptions.

10 Days' Free Trial

Prove for yourself by free trial that the Aladdin mantle lamp has no equal as a white light. If not satisfied return at our expense.

Get Yours Free We want one user in each locality to whom customers can be referred. In that way you may get your own without cost. Write immediately for 10 days' free trial.

DISTRIBUTORS WANTED to demonstrate the Aladdin in territory where oil lamps are used. Experience unnecessary. Let us show you how to earn £100 a month. Write quickly for territory and samples.

£2000 REWARD will be given to anyone showing us an oil lamp equal to this Aladdin in every way. (Full details of this offer given in circular).

ALADDIN INDUSTRIES, Ltd.
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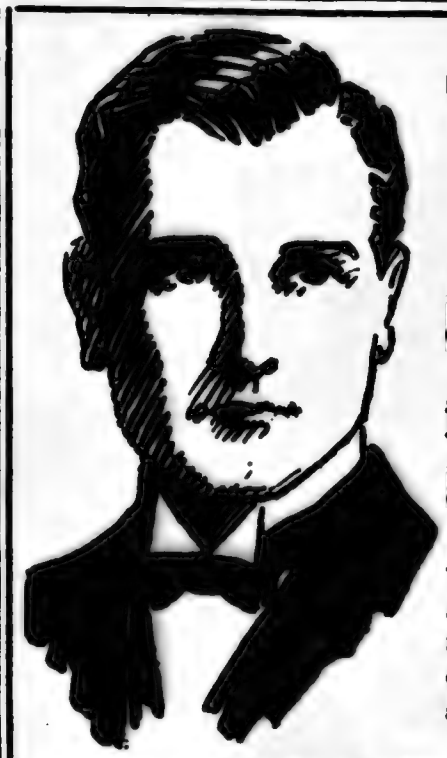

This man made £3,000 in 2 yrs. with £5 to start!

This is no isolated case. There are to-day hundreds of "Shaw" Students who are running successful mail order businesses in all parts of the world.

GREAT FREE BOOKLET
"By Post to Prosperity" SHOWS HOW

EVERY JOHN BULL reader should send for a copy of this wonderful free booklet to-day. It will show how you, too, at home in your spare time, can establish a successful business of your own. The possibilities in the mail order business are unlimited. Ordering by mail is becoming increasingly popular. Shrewd buyers recognise that large savings can be effected by buying direct from firms with practically no overhead expenses and who are able to supply at low prices.

You Can Start To-day.

It makes no difference in what locality you live. You can make a very lucrative income right from the commencement with only a small outlay. Your stock-in-trade need not consist of more than a small supply of goods—kept in a spare room—if you like, a few printed letters, and a pound or two in the bank.

There are no hard and fast rules to abide by. You are not bound to any one particular business.

The Shaw Institute teaches the whole mail order business, and as you progress, your business will be growing—also your bank balance.

The Shaw Institute contends that no matter what your circumstances are, a scheme can be outlined by which you can start without delay.

Read this from Student No. C. 1729.

"It is now exactly five months since I commenced your Mail Order course and I thought you might be interested to hear of my progress as a result of the same. I commenced trading immediately on completion of the third lesson, and have never looked back since then, in fact I now occupy my own office, a fact of which I think I can feel justly proud in so short a period. My present position I feel is solely due to your excellent course of instruction and also to the splendid profits obtainable. If only more people realised the enormous possibilities of Mail Order Trading I am sure there would be thousands enjoying a much more comfortable and less money-harassed life than there are at present. I consider it my best speculation. Thanking you for all your course has done for me and for your ever ready help when I have been in doubt,
Yours faithfully, Student No. C.1729.

The original of this letter and thousands more can be seen at the offices of the Shaw Institute.

Send no money. Write for this free booklet, "By Post to Prosperity," which shows how you can start a spare or whole-time business at home, points a quick certain way to a large income and shows how £5 can be made the basis of independence. Fill in the coupon while you think of it now. There's no obligation.

—FILL IN THE COUPON NOW!—

To the Secretary, The Shaw Institute,
(Dept. J.B. 23) 1, Montague Street, London, W.C.1.

Please send me FREE, and Post Free, your brochure "By Post to Prosperity," and other literature on Mail Order trading.

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ADDRESS.....

J.B.23. .....

John Bull's Letter Bag

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the Editor and Staff of *John Bull*. An expert staff deals with Legal, Financial, Service and Pension inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

EFFIE (Tufnell Park).—"What ever can men see in beer?" Everything but hops.

A. W. (Coleford).—"The rich seldom have large families." Then pity the poor rich.

M. G. (Bristol).—"The fashion is always changing." Then we're in the fashion every time the washing comes home.

L. P. (Kilburn).—"Park seats everywhere seem to be always occupied by spooning couples." And they won't stir.

ENGLISHMAN (Taunton).—"I hope you will be able to bring this to the notice of the powers who may be." Maybe.

E. L. (Knightsbridge).—"I had to tell the waiter the proper way to make a curry." And, we assume, he took the tip.

J. P. (Lanark).—"Besides myself, how many more gulls have been caught?" We're at sea.

SIS (Dalston).—"I am quite seriously thinking of using peroxide for my hair." Hush! keep it dark.

A. Mc A. (Worthing).—"The finest fish lie in the whirling streams." And the finest fishermen lie in any old place.

A. B. (Dulwich).—"Things are what they were 50 years ago." No, Sir! And even then they weren't.

H. E. (Bellingham).—"The Government has sold the ex-soldier a pup." The —dogs!

D. G. (Hendon).—"I honestly believe that I have discovered perpetual motion." And is the wife *still* talking as you write?

K. B. (Witney).—"Naturally I think my fiancée is as pretty as a picture." Not hand-painted, of course.

W. D. (Birmingham).—"At a public whist-drive last week I was dealt twelve trumps one hand!" That's a good deal.

B. P. R. (Royston).—"The big guns in the government offices don't know what it is to do a decent day's work." Then they should be fired.

T. S. J. (Brighton).—"The poorer middle-class man always gets it in the neck." So long as he keeps his head, why worry?

E. W. (Carlisle).—"I happened to run across a friend of mine who was a motor driver." Lucky he didn't run across you, isn't it?

F. R. T. (Maidstone).—"All that the average man knows he learns from the Press." Then you either don't read a lot, or you're not the average man.

R. K. H. (Salisbury).—"The mother hasn't an easy job to keep the house when there's three or four children to look after." Nor father, to keep the house going.

G. R. (Eastbourne).—"My one hobby is horses." That's a hobby you can ride anyhow.

GAR (Northampton).—"Let sleeping dogs lie, I say." We'd prefer that they were taught to tell the truth.

R. K. (Stockport).—"When it comes to a fight, the Englishman is the salt of the earth." Especially when he's mustered.

H. L. K. (Salisbury).—"I want to know what the country is coming to?" We'd like to know *when* it is coming to.

JEFF (Preston).—"I've got a coming heavy-weight champion in my eye." Then very likely he is your pupil.

F. J. B. (Shanklin).—"I agree with you most times." Then most times you're right.

B. A. J. (Chelsea).—"It's only the ex-service men who get any sympathy these days." And that's about all they *do* get.

D. R. T. (Grimsby).—"It is difficult for me to express my meaning adequately in words." Then say it with music.

J. B. P. (Gravesend).—"My car is a little runabout." Ours is a little stop-a-lot.

U. B. (Leigh).—"If anything happens the captain and the officers get all the credit, but what about the A.B?" He's O.K.

J. E. (Newcastle).—"Something ought to be done to make publicans reduce the prices of their mineral water." Fancy charging for the stuff!

W. E. (Blackstock).—"I couldn't see the man starve although I possibly erred in assisting him." In this instance to err is humane.

TIBIA (Cork).—"There are far too many songs about flowers." And probably you noticed that there's quite a lot about fruit.

A. R. K. (Norwich).—"Family ties have kept me at home." On the other hand, we wear the one the wife gave us last Christmas when it's foggy.

B. E. W. (Melton Mowbray).—"Do a good turn to a friend and you immediately turn him into an enemy." Then, contrariwise, if you do a good turn to an enemy——

W. R. P. (Sheffield).—"A tobacco plantation might possibly interest me, but oil land—?" Even then you would probably find you had bitten off more than you could chew.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

HARRY (Westbury).—"I do not find life very rosy." Then you're not in the pink.

H. F. (Carlisle).—"Who do you consider the best juggler?" The man who can balance his bank account.

MRS. HOPE (Lewes).—"My son has just started work with a butcher." Another young life at stake.

MARY O. (N.W. 1.).—"My husband is very good with the brush." Righto! We'll tell the Gentleman with the Duster.

JOYCE (Hendon).—"It's real nice of you and I think you're a brick." Well, don't throw it in our face.

R. K. (Burford).—"What are the heads of the Government departments doing?" Putting their hats on mostly.

S. D. (Darlington).—"Some people appear to make quite a lot of money by their wits." And funny folk, by their wit.

MRS. WILL (Finchley).—"What have you to say about people who hang the clothes out on the line on Sunday?" We think it's a washout.

D. O'N. (Salop).—"If it wasn't for the 'sharps,' where would racing be?" Ah! but if it wasn't for the flats, where would the sharps be?

M. S. (St. Andrews).—"We have had our ups and downs." And we've often found ourselves bunkered in your home town.

R. B. S. (Bexhill).—"The confirmed pipe smoker wants a cigarette about a mile long to satisfy his craving for tobacco." What a fag!

G. L. (Renfrew).—"The policy of many footballers appears to be: If you can't kick the ball, kick the man." Well, that's not cricket, is it?

H. W. (Weymouth).—"I suppose you have had pages of poetry from different people about Autumn." We've seen a few leaves anyhow.

I. J. (Darlington).—"There is something soothing to me in rain. I love to hear it coming down in sheets." We, too, prefer to hear the rain when we're in bed.

F. V. (Rochdale).—"Scores of men seem unable to forget that they fought in the great war." Possibly that's because scores of others fail to remember that they didn't.

ALEC (Camberwell).—"Although winter is almost here the L.C.C. appear to be doing nothing whatever to attempt to prevent fogs." It is a bit thick when you come to look into it.

M. S. (Paddington, W.).—"My son, a growing lad, will eat neither potatoes nor cabbage." He likes to eat the meat all right, and turns down the greens, but as he's still "a growing lad," you'd better give him beans.

S. W. (Lincoln).—"What are the complimentary colours?" Black and White, if the other fellow pays.

G. C. (E. 9.).—"The poor in this country are still paying for the war." Possibly that's why they're the poor.

B. J. (Ipswich).—"What can you get for a penny nowadays?" Two half-pennies.

W. H. W. (Hull).—"Railway travelling seems to act as a kind of tonic to me." Then you're first-class when you travel.

T. V. (Bradford).—"Although I am a married man, I always do all my own mending." That's darned good.

TAR JOHN (—).—"I have been reading about goat glands and it has set me thinking." Then goat glands *do* have their uses.

SYD (Morecambe).—"They say money talks—but it always cuts me dead." Make friends with *Bullets*. The prizes speak for themselves.

M. E'FEY (Scunthorpe).—"My husband is a pessimist and never builds up hope." Perhaps because he has nothing to build on.

J. R. (Wisbech).—"Outside the Rose and Crown stand some 200 farm labourers. Why?" Because it's just on opening time. Are we right, sir?

A READER (Winchester).—"A good many black men are quite as good, or better, than half the white men." Now you're getting at the *heart* of things.

R. K. (Gourock).—"I don't know what's wrong with me these days, but I always seem to be sleeping in." It's certainly too darned cold to sleep out.

R. P. S. (Oswestry).—"Your advice will be worth untold gold to me." Then it's worth a stamp, which you forgot to enclose.

E. G. R. (Shrewsbury).—"She is a person with a vivid imagination." Personally, we prefer to call a liar a liar, and have done with it.

R. D. (Northampton).—"Officially I am supposed to work from nine to six, but the hours are very elastic." Now you're stretching it.

P. F. W. (Notting Hill).—"I could let you have some remarks on boarding houses and their ways." Sorry! but we don't encourage bad language.

P. C. (Khartoum).—"The British soldier, serving on the outposts of the Empire, is deprived of his beer." That's bitter.

POINTS (Crewe).—"During the last three weeks I have not been often on duty." Then off and on you're on and often off.

J. T. (Bury).—"The man that makes the most noise in the world is the man who makes the most money." And yet they tell us that silence is golden.

W. B. (Canterbury).—"Your office boy must surely have grown whiskers by this time." Wrong! He's quite a young shaver.

R. S. (Bury St. Edmunds).—"Horses are worked very much harder than they used to be." They do always seem to be in harness.

N. R. D. (Canterbury).—"How much money, for instance, is lost every year in the Stock Exchange?" We'll ask the sweeper.

P. P. (Devonport).—"Why should even tax collectors receive pensions?" Personally, we should like to see them all pensioned off right away.

J. L. S. (Swindon).—"The commercial instinct can be developed but not taught, It's largely a gift." Now we know why so many Scotsmen have it.

O. T. S. (Malvern).—"Engaging solicitors or barristers has proved an expensive and foolish hobby to some people in many cases." Still they can't very well take the law into their own hands.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

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1/- down and four weekly payments of 2/- each now secures the one guinea "John Bull" Treasure Book of Knowledge

To "John Bull" Treasure Book Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please send on Free Approval one copy of the One Guinea edition of the JOHN BULL Treasure Book of Knowledge. I enclose 1s. to cover cost of packing and delivery. I undertake either to return the book in new condition within three days, or to complete the purchase with four consecutive weekly payments of 2s. each, the first subscription becoming due one week after receipt of book. In default of any one subscription, the outstanding balance shall immediately become payable. I am over 21 years of age.

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EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

A Prescription for Acid Dyspepsia, Dispensed by WM. SHADFORTH, Ph.C.,

Editor "Health News," Author of "The Wealth of Health;" Pharmaceutical Chemist, Highest Qualification, Pharmaceutical Society, Great Britain.

ACIDITY CURED

In ONE WEEK for ONE SHILLING.

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, fullness after meals, and all forms of acid Indigestion have been cured by the following prescription:—

Rp: *Bismuth Carb., 3-gths grain. Soda Bicarb., 2 2-gths grains. Magnesia Carb., 3 grains. Oil of Peppermint, 1-16th drop. Oil of Aniseed, 1-16th drop.* In 1 Tablet.

(Rpt: Shadforth Prescription No. 1,077.)

Trial Size 1/-

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

Prescribed by physicians the world over.

BISMUTH soothes and heals the catarrhal surfaces of stomach and bowels. It is also absorbent. MAGNESIA is antacid. SODA BICARBONATE is antacid. ANISEED AND PEPPERMINT act as carminatives.

This prescription is a non-purgative. Avoid excess of fried, oily foods and starchy foods for a few days. Dose—2 tablets before each meal. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. Send to Mr. Shadforth, the well-known London Dispensing Chemist, for a trial box, 1/- (30 tablets). Larger family sizes 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144), and 7/- (432). Post free.

Where the Indigestion and Acidity is Exceptionally Uncomfortable and Painful, ask for the Special Prescription for Painful Dyspepsia, No. 15. Price 1/- (36), 1/9 (72), 3/3 (144 tablets).

Bronchial Cough,

Cold on the Chest, Huskiness, Sore Throat, Influenza Cold.

(Prescription 291.)

Paregoric Elixir, Licorice Extract, Pine Tar, Creosote.

Price 1/- (30), 1/9 (90), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills). Can be advantageously taken while using No. 8xpTX. *See opposite.*

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

PAREGORIC soothes the chest and checks coughing.
LICORICE loosens phlegm and relieves breathing.
PINE TAR, antiseptic and tonic to chest.
CREOSOTE, a chest antiseptic with anti-tubercular properties.

Cold in the Head

Or Acute Nasal Catarrh,

Relieved in 2 minutes. Cured in 2 days.

The symptoms of Nasal Catarrh include a mucopurulent and offensive nasal discharge, incessant sneezing, sense of fullness of the nose, mouth breathing, nasal twang, frontal headache, defective taste and smell, watering of the eyes, dry throat, deafness, hawking, etc.

Trial Size 1/-

Nasal Catarrh is often the first stage of BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA, COLD ON THE CHEST, PNEUMONIA, THROAT, EAR and LUNG TROUBLES.

Breathe through your nose, not through your mouth. Keep mouth and nose germ-free by the timely and regular use of this prescription, and dwell long on the land of the living.

Shadforth Prescription No. 8xpTX. A new effervescent, germicidal tablet. Price 1/- (30), 1/9 (90), 3/9 (360). Can be advantageously used at the same time as No. 291.

As a large buyer I am able to dispense medicines at reasonable fees. Further Prescriptions are given below. More home remedies are contained in my publication, "Health News," and I will send specimen copies to all purchasers of any of the following if asked for when ordering:—

LOOK FOR YOUR AILMENT BELOW, SEND FOR MEDICINE AT PRICES NAMED.

NEURASTHENIA,

CHRONIC NERVE EXHAUSTION.

The Disease of Modern Civilised Men and Women.

Neurasthenia, one of the dominant complaints of these times, is a weakness of the nervous system. Neurasthenia is curable, but the period required to effect the cure rests entirely with the sufferer. It depends on the determination to win through, and to fully understand the nature of the ailment. To combat Neurasthenia, associated with giddiness or faintness, we recommend Heart Tonic Prescription 670. This is splendid for shattered nerves, palpitation of the heart, and trembling limbs.

Trial Size 1/-

For shock, hesitancy, mental depression, loss of memory and general debility, Prescription 400 acts like magic.

THE BRAIN AND NERVE VITALISING TONIC WHICH ACTS LIKE MAGIC. (Prescription 670.)

BRAIN AND NERVE TONIC in MENTAL DEPRESSION, LOSS OF MEMORY, DEBILITY.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

PHOSPHORUS. Constituent of the brain. Invigorates brain workers.
NUX VOMICA. Increases Energy.

Phosphorus	1-100th gr.
Nux Vomica	1-8th gr.
Daribiana	2 grs.
Lecithin	1 gr.

Price 1/- (20), 2/6 (72), 3/9 (144), 6/- (300), 11/- (600 tablets).

THIS CAN BE TAKEN ALTERNATELY WITH THE HEART TONIC.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

DARIANA. Cerebro-Spinal Tonic.
LECITHIN. Natural Glycerophosphate. Used in abnormal cases from defective nutrition.

A WORLD-FAMED HEART AND NERVE TONIC—PREVENTS HEART FAILURE AFTER INFLUENZA. A VALUABLE TONIC IN ANY WEATHER.

HEART TONIC (Prescription 633.)

PREVENTS PALPITATION, TREMBLING LIMBS, STOPS YOU FAINTING TO PREVENT WHEN THE DIAGNOSTICS FAIL.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

NUX VOMICA. Increases Energy.
DIGITALIS. Steadies the action of the heart.

Nux Vomica Ex.	1-60th gr.
Cactus Extract	1 gr.
Digitalis	1 gr.
Convallaria Extract	1 gr.

Price 1/- (30), 1/9 (90), 3/6 (72), 6/6 (144 pills).

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

GENTIAN. Tones the Stomach.
DANDELION Stimulates the kidneys.

OBSTINATELY SKIN, PSORIASIS, ECZEMA, ALOPECIA (Bald Patches).

(Prescription 253.)

Mercury Perchl., Creosote, Zinc Ointment.

To be applied night and morning. Price 1/9 and 6/-.

WRINKLES, CROW'S-FEET AND GREY HAIR. (Prescription 366.)

Gives remarkable results and improves health.

Potassium Hypophosphite, Phosphate, Resorcinate and Citrate.

Price 1/-, 1/6, 2/6, and 7/-. With directions. In tablets.

Anæmia. Blood Poverty.

Value of Ingredients.

BLAUD PILL. Forms Red Blood Corpuscles.
ALOIN Liver Stimulant.
NUX VOMICA. Increases Energy.
CALCIUM SULPHIDE. Blood Purifier. Alterative.

Anæmia, Weakness, Constipation, Debility, Dull and Pale Skin, Languor.

(Prescription 262).

Blaud Pill, 1-gr.
Aloin, 1-30th gr.
Nux Vomica Ext. 1-10th gr.
Calcium Sulphide, 1-9th gr.
Manganese Citrate, 1 gr.
Lecithin, 1-10th gr.

Price 1/- (30), 2/- (72), 3/6 (144 pills) with directions.

Trial Size 1/-

Value of Ingredients.

MANGANESE CITRATE. Forms Red Blood Corpuscles.
LECITHIN. Natural Glycerophosphate. Used in chronic ailing from defective nutrition.

CONSUMPTION LIVER TONIC (Prescription 224.)

Creosote, Cinnamon, Iron Mercury, Lecithin, Phosphorus and Iodine.

Useful in combating lung weakness. Price 1/- (30), 1/9 (72), 4/6 (144), 7/6 (300 tablets). Pamphlet free on request.

OBESITY, STOUTNESS, FLABBY LIMBS, CORPULENCY. (Prescription 276).

(A successful treatment.)

Extract of Seaweed, Potassium Iodide, Thyroid Gland, etc.

Price 1/- (30), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills). With directions.

DEBILITY. (Prescription 223.)

An old and well-tried formula when heart, liver and kidneys are all at fault.

Squill, Digitalis, Calomel, Opium.

Price 1/- (30), 1/9 (90), 2/9 (72), 4/6 (144). With directions.

DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE. (Prescription 222.)

Contains Nature's Digestive Juices *Pepsin, Malt Extract, Diastase, Charcoal, Cascara Extract.*

Non-purgative, promotes digestion and full nourishment.

In tablets. Dose: 2 with meals. Price 1/- (30), 1/9 (90), 3/6 (200 tablets).

You can have these medicines post free at the prices named (abroad extra) from

Mr. Wm. SHADFORTH,

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,
(Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.)

40 (Dept. JB 100), King William Street, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4.

East End Branch & Mail Order Office—33, Grove Road, Bow, E.3. Special Agents—Messrs. Gamage, Holborn, E.C.1, and Messrs. Lewis & Burrows.

BACKACHE,

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gravel, Lumbago

and many ailments arising from chill on the kidneys are promptly relieved by the following prescription:—

Rp: *Potassium Nitrate, 1½ grains. Juniper Oil, 1 drop. Colchicum, 1 grain. Vinum Tinctorium, 1 grain. Capsicum, 1 grain. Buchu Extract, 1-4th grain. Methylene Blue, 1-3rd grain. Cubebs Balsam, 1 drop. Buchus Extract, 1 grain.* In 1 Tablet.

(Prescription No. 66.)

Trial Size 1/-

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

Prescribed by Doctors everywhere.

These ingredients are kidney stimulant or diuretic, antiseptic or germicidal, anti-uric and pain-killing (analgesic). The traces of Methylene Blue colours the urine green. Non-purgative.

Price 1/- (30), 1/9 (90), 3/6 (72), 6/6 (144), 22/- (432).

CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, HEADACHES, INDIGESTION. (Prescription 2,022.)

Will relieve bilious attacks, sick headache, and some forms of bowel indigestion. Useful in the home as a gentle laxative.

Barbados Aloes, Colchicine, Pure Olive Oil Soft Soap.

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BAD BLOOD TONIC FOR ACNE, PIMPLES, ECZEMA, SEMI SKIN-TROUBLES, BLOOD IMPURITIES. (Prescription 1,262.)

A known, admired, and approved remedy, registered in the Pharmaceutical Journal as Blood Purifier.

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Cubebs, Nucleic Tinctorium, Colchicum, Cascara Sag, Podophyllin, Capsicin, etc.

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Colchicum, Nux Vom., Rhubarb Pill, Hyoscyamus, Methylene Blue.

Price 1/- (30), 1/9 (90), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills).

TIRED, ACHING, AND PERSPIRING FEET. FOOT-BATH TABLETS. (Prescription 226.)

Boric Acid, Alum, Permanganate of Potash, Oatmeal, Wintergreen.

Price 7½d. (25), 1/- (90), 1/9 (200), 3/- (500).

CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, LIVER AND STOMACH DYSPEPSIA. (Prescription 224.)

Cascara, Nux Vomica, Hyoscyamus, and Gentian.

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ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS, Blood Pressure Readjustment Unnecessary.

Specialist's known and approved prescription.

Soda Sulphate, Soda Chloride, Soda Carbonate, Neutral Soda Phosphate, Soda Nitrate, Magnesia Phosphate, Calcium Glycerophosphate, in each tablet.

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Aspirin, Phenacetin, Dover's Powder.

Price 1/6 (30), 2/- (90), 3/6 (200 tablets). With directions.

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Quassia, Peppermint, Sugar.

You cannot enjoy either tobacco, alcohol, or drugs, with one of these tablets in your mouth. Early stages curing the tobacco or drug habit. Price 1/6 (30), 2/6 (90), 3/6 (200 tablets).

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Bismuth Carbonate, Sodium Bicarbonate, Rhubarb, Nux Vomica, Compound Cinnamon Powder.

Non-purgative, tonic, soothing. Known as the Wonderful Tablets. Price 1/- (30), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 tablets).

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Ammonium, Potassium and Sodium Bromides, Ammonium Carbonate, Potassium Iodide, Compound Tincture of Gentian.

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COMPLEXION BLEMISHES, SALLOW SKIN, PIMPLES, ACNE AND SKIN ERUPTIONS. (Prescription 442.)

Charcoal, Dried Sulph. Iron, Calcium Sulphide, Nux Vomica, Gentian. Price 1/- (30), 2/6 (72), 3/9 (144), 6/- (432 tablets).

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A PHIPPS' Yard Kennel will keep your dog dry, comfortable and healthy. It is hinged at rear to ensure easy cleaning. Strongly built and durable. Made in 4 sizes. Prices from 21/- Write TO-DAY for illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

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The finest selection of beautiful ready-made FURS in London to choose from. Every article of GUARANTEED QUALITY however low the price paid. *Inspection cordially invited, or write for New Illustrated Catalogue.*

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These Carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as sample Carpets, showing you the identical quality we supply. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Over 600,000 sold during the past 12 months. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every Carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome Rug to match. Gigantic Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Bedsteads, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, &c., post free, if mentioning "John Bull," 6/10/23, when writing. *(Established over Half a Century.)*

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It improves vitality and condition too, and costs only about 7d. per hen per season.

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NEW MODELS from **£8 : 5 : 0**

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No greater compliment can be paid to any girl or woman. There is no reason why it should not be paid to you.

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banish eczema, pimples, blotches or blackheads like a charm, and give the complexion that purity, bloom and healthy colour which is the crowning charm of a beautiful woman.

Obtainable at Boots Cash Chemists, Taylor's Drug Co., etc., at 1/3, 2/- and 5/- per box.

Test it for yourself by writing for a free sample to

The David Macqueen Company, Ltd. Boscombe, Bournemouth.

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

A Winter Luxury that will Cost You Little

A READER has sent us a suggestion, a sort of new song of sixpence, that has set us thinking.

There is something very fascinating about the little silver coin. In childhood it is often bestowed as a reward for good conduct, or a bribe for better behaviour, for a new sixpence especially is irresistibly alluring to a youngster. No Christmas pudding would seem complete without one, and many must be the lucky jubilee sixpences that were pierced and proudly worn on their first watch chains by schoolboys, in the days before the wristlet superseded the albert.

The origin of the phrase, "a nimble sixpence," is hidden in obscurity, but it is exceedingly appropriate. The tiny token is as elusive as it is useful, and has a trick of disappearing and leaving nothing to show for it. Many must have vanished in smoke since sixpence became the standard price of a small packet of cigarettes, and it is the smallest coin that one can with self-respect give to a waiter as a tip.

Our correspondent suggests that the sixpence is such an elusive coin that it would be a good idea if readers made sure of their being put to a useful purpose by sending all their stray sixpences to our "Greatest of These——" Fund.

While we should gladly welcome the deluge of small silver coins that would rain upon us if his idea were carried out, to ask that every sixpence minted should find its way to Long Acre is more than we dare to presume. In a modified degree, however, the notion has much to commend it, and we have no hesitation in inviting our readers to send us all the sixpences for which they have no pressing need.

We already have a number of subscribers who send us small sums, down to a humble widow's twopence, every week. There must be many among our million readers, who could send us a sixpence weekly and never miss it. We most earnestly beg them to do so.

As we indicated a week or two back, the calls on the Fund during the coming winter will be extremely heavy. If our work of relieving distress is to go on unhindered, we shall need the most generous support.

At a trifling cost of sixpence, you may "learn the luxury of doing good," in Oliver Goldsmith's happy phrase, and help to lighten the burden of hundreds of heavy hearts.

An "Admirer of JOHN BULL" in the Midlands has this week sent us eight hundred sixpences, which for convenience he enclosed in the form of four crisp five-pound notes. We are very grateful for this encouraging donation.

You may not be able to afford eight hundred or even eighty sixpences, but you can surely send us one.

Do it now, and keep on doing it!

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.) Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

" 1965," 4d.; " Southampton," 1s. 1½d.; " Thirteen," 5s. 1d.; John McK., 2s.; " Target," 9d.; " Contented," 1s. 3d.; " Glasgow," 6d.; " Glasgow," 7d.; Anon., 10d.; " Sergeant Murphy," 1s. 1½d.; MacB. J., 2s. 1d.; " Madalaine," 5d.; A. S. T., 3d.; " Remerolf," 6d.; F. B., 5d.; E. C., 6½d.; E. G., 3d.; " Langun," 1s. 9d.; B. M. W., 5d.; W. H., 7d.; " Styx," 3d.; L. S. G. B., 5d.; " Amity Ninth," 5s.; Chesham, 1s.; J. & I. Andrews, 7s. 10d.; " Picardy," 1s. 7d.; " Richmond," 8s. 1½d.; " Constant Reader," 10d.; W. J. W., 2½d.; " Always Hopeful," 8d.; " Z.," £1; " Teddington," 3d.; " A Widow," 2s.; " Moseley," 5d.; A. S., 9d.; " Down and Out," 2d.; " Black Cat," 1s. 6d.; " Small Ninth," 10½d.; " Dad," 7d.; " Three Kiddies," 3d.; " Old Reader," 1s.; " Hard Luck," 8½d.; J. G. O. T., 2½d.; Well-wisher," 11d.; " For Luck," 4d.; " Overdue," 6d.; N. W. C., 4½d.; " Luton," 6d.; " Cheque," 14s. 2d; " Finsbury Park," 6d.; A. R. (Newport), 3s.; E. D., 1s. 2½d.; " Ky," 3½d.; " Unemployed," 3½d.; " Living in Hope," 1s. 6½d.; A. R. M., 1s. 2d.; " Widow," 3d.; " Unlucky Blighter," 1s. 9d.; " Ashton-u-L.," 6d.; Mrs. S. Lycett, 10d.; " Tip," 6d.; K. Richmond," 6d.; " Auntie's Ninth," 3s.; A. E. M., 9d.; " Still Hopeful," 3d.; "A Poor one," 2d.; M. T. F. W., 1s. 6d.; " A Working Mother," 1s. 6d.; F. W., 2s.; " Paradox," 5½d.; " Tons of Money," 1s.; " Luckseeker," 6d.; A. R., 1s.; " P. G. J., 9d.; " Casemaker," 3½d.; " King's Heath," 6d.; " Little Noreen," 9d.; " Rotter," 6d.; " Unlucky," 9d.; W. H. S., 1s. 9d.; " Optimist's," 1s. 4d.; C. R. O., 3d.; Charles Beeson, 1s. 1½d.; " Still Hoping On," 10½d.; " Bilston," 7½d.; " Edinburgh," 1s.; " M. J. Ninth," 1s. 8½d.; " Dartford," 2½d.; " P.'s Ninth," 1s. 10½d.; " Better Luck," 1s. 7d.; " Hollywood Ninth," 1s. 1d.; " Worcester," 4s.; R. T. D., 1s. 1½d.; " Rags," 6d.; M. B., 7d.; "Always Trying," 3d.; " Hard Up," 4½d.; H. W. B., 1s. 6d.; " W. Martin," 2s. 6d.; " Timothy," 9d.; " Hope," 6d.; " Unlucky," 10d.; Anon., 6d.; Mrs. H. Vacquier, parcel; J. D., pcl.; " Bees One Ninth," 2d.; " Small Ninth," 1s.; M. M. (Cleethorpes), 1s. 3d.; " Jumbo's Ninth," 3½d.; " Lily's Ninth," 10d.; " Spot's Ninth," 7½d.; " From a Mother," 1s. 3d.; " IT " (Dartford), 10s.; L. J. (Evesham), 5d.; " Rope Hands' Ninth," 8d.; B. C. M., 1s. 1d.; " First Ninth War Sufferer," 9d.; " A Lucky Ninth," 1s. 6d.; E. C., 6d.; " A Huddersfielder's Ninth," 5½d.; " Down and Out L. H.," 2½d.; T. N. (Staffs), 1s.; " Margate's Ninth," 6d.; " Struggling Genius," 6d.; " Farm Labourers' Ninth, 1s. 1½d.; E. Tellub, 10d.; Heartache, 9d.; G. P. W., 3½d.; Mrs. J. B., 1s.; Mrs. Tee, parcel; " Unlucky George," 1s.; H. F. N. (Reading), 4½d.; " Old 95," 1s. 1½d.; Austin, parcel; Tacda, 1s. 7d.; " Down in the Dumps," 1s. 2d.; I. R. (Loatwithiel), 8½d.; E. G. T., 1s.; " Superstitious Sally," 1s.; " Roman Bachelor," 1s.; Anon., 1s. 6½d.; " Hoping to be Lucky," 1s.; " One Ninth " (Edinburgh), 1s. 3d.; " In Memory of Una," 5s.; Mrs. R. E. B., 6d.; S. H. P., 1s. 4½d.; A. F., 6d.; " Wellwisher," 3s.; "An Unemployed's Ninth," 1s.; " Sunbeam," 3s.; " Not Broke but Bent," 1s.; " Ex-Tommy " (Derby), 1s.; S. D. S., 1s. 1d.; " J. T.'s Ninth," 7s.; S. Lay, 7½d.; L. M., 3d.; L. O. (Worcester), 9d.; " Mother of Six," 1s.; " Unlucky," 1s.; " Buffalo," 10d.; R. Trowsed, 1s.; " Blue Bird " (Leeds), 11d.; A. E., 1s. 6d.; " Ex-Tommy " (Romford), 8d.; H. O. Neill (Benesa) 1s. 6d.; " Miskinite," 2s. 7d.; C. W. L., 6d.; G. S. P., 9½d.; " Regular Reader," 5s.; " Another Hopeful 'Ninth-er,'" 2s. 6d.; B. M., 1s. 8d.; F. W. L., 2s. 6d.; " Regular Reader," 1s. 8d.; " Hopeful," 7½d.; " Formosa," 9d.; " Friday Morning's Ninth," 6d.; E. G., 4½d.; J. S. Smith, 6d.; G. S., 1s. 9d.; Sergeant Murphy, 1s. 6d.; Pat and Nellie, 1s. 1½d.; Sergeant Murphy's 1s.; " Down and Out," 4d.; B. E. C., 2s.; E. R., One Ninth, 1s. 2d.; " Bernl," 6d.; " London, S.E.," 4½d.; Mrs. A. Richardson, 1s.; P. S. H., 5s.; " Struggler," 2d.; " Unemployed," 1s. 3½d.; Mrs. J. W. Hurt," 1s.; W. G. H., 1s. 6d.; G. H. T., 2s.; " Old Sergeant," 2s.; " Unlucky Reader," 3d.; " Another Ninth " (Whittlesey), 1s. 1d.; "S. S. S. Swift," 15s.; J. W. (Doncaster), 10s.; " House Hunter," 7d.; " Little Ninth," 2½d.; " Hoss Ninth," 3s. 6d.; H. J. W. M. H., 3d.; I. O. W., 1s.; " Sailor's Mother," 3s.; " A Miner (Cannock), 3s.; " Toulouse," 2s. 6d.; Jack, 9d.; " Roath Parkite," 6d.; " Cantalema," 6½d.; Wright, 6d.; G. Pike, 6d.; H. S. M., 6d.; " Jammy," 1s. 1d; " From the Poor," 5d.; Donald, 7d.; " A Widow," 1s. 2d.; " Tiny Ninth," 1s. 2d.; " Northumberland Miner," 1s. 6½d; " Happy Yet," 1s. 6d. " My First Ninth," 7d.; J. L., Cupar, 3s. 6d.; " Sam's Ninth," 1s. 1d.; " Magic Ninth," 3d.; E. J. Ness, 3s.; L. H. B. & F. J., 1s. 5d.; D. C., 1½d.; H. B., 2d.; " Douglas Man," 2s.; " My Lot," 6d.; " Sergt Murphy," 1s. 6d.; " Tom," 1s.; A. C. G., 6d.; " Three Threes," 1s. 1d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. If any reason can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.

500!

THE secret is out.

Before you read these words, you will have seen the amazing announcement at the foot of this page. It puts before you some details of our 500th *Bullets* Competition—an offer without precedent in the history of literary skill contests.

The First Prize has soared to £2,000, which means that *Bullets*, as always, maintains an enormous lead over any other competition of its kind. Next comes a Second Prize of £500, a Third of £200, and then—the biggest surprise we have ever sprung on our competitors. The usual programme of smaller prizes is swept completely away, its place taken by a substantial sequence of big money prizes.

There will be a new Fourth Prize of £100, followed by a new Fifth Prize of £90, after which prizes of £80, £70, £60, £50, £25, five of £10, ten of £5, and thousands of others combine to form the biggest, longest, most novel and attractive prize list ever put before our readers. *Bullets*, about to pass the 500th milestone, is setting up a new record in competition running.

To those familiar with the contest, who will assuredly grasp this wonderful opportunity of big prize-money, we offer but a few words of advice. On an occasion such as this, it is surely worth while to expend just a little extra time and thought on your *Bullets*. It is not only for the sensational prize list that we want this 500th offer to be remembered. We want to be able to print, when adjudication is complete, the best list of winning efforts which has yet appeared.

And now—a word to the new reader, and to the old reader unfamiliar with the Competition. Next week we shall print a full list of forty *Examples*, from which all efforts must be constructed. What you have to do is to choose your *Examples* and fit to each of them two, three or four words to form a complete *Bullet*. These words should convey, in conjunction with the chosen *Example*, a meaning that is clear, forcible and neatly expressed. That is all.

You are not restricted to any particular type of effort. International, political, domestic, serious, satirical and humorous, single-meaning, double-meaning, and every other possible kind of *Bullet* will stand or fall by merit alone. We have no favourites.

What is worth doing is worth doing well. Therefore satisfy yourself that each *Bullet* entered is as good and original as you can possibly make it. Do not rely on ready-made phrases, well-known sayings or commonly heard jokes to construct your efforts. Seek, rather, the uncommon idea which will be fresh to all, but which all will understand. One method is to keep *Bullets* in your mind as you read your newspaper, as you go about your work or your pleasure; many a prize-winning idea has been found in this manner.

There is a First Prize of £250 this week, and many others well worth winning. Competitors should not miss this opportunity of some preliminary practice before the 500th offer.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 499.

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS	EAST AND WEST
WHERE ENGLAND STANDS	CHARLIE CHAPLIN
BEFORE THE DAWN	THE FUTURE
WHEN NOBODY'S LOOKING	PLAYING
LITTLE HEAVEN	A STRANGER
WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN	WHEN YOUNG
BETTER OR WORSE	PRETTY MAID
MARRIED	TO LET
IN THE FURNACE	GOOD CHOICE
MY TROUBLE	NO BABY

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25th. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 499 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 499, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 499.

10 £5
10 £2 10

'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £250

200 5
500 2 6
4000 CONSOLATION PRIZES

2nd. Prize £20

3rd. Prize £10

100 PRIZES OF £1

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 499.

STRUGGLE TO LIVE
OUR PLACE
MY MISSUS
UNTIL FURTHER ORDERS
LITTLE PROGRESS
GOLDEN MEMORIES
HARD TO BELIEVE
BASHFUL
BIT TOO SOON
MONEY IN POCKET
HER ADVICE
BEARING FRUIT
NEXT BEST
BY THE FIRESIDE
A BLUNDER
WHEN SHE DRIVES
TRIFLING
WHAT WE IMAGINE
GIVEN AWAY
GOOD AS EVER
STUMBLING-BLOCK
A GOLD
WANTED
WHEN FATHER HELPS
INCREASING STAFF
BADLY DAMAGED
WISE LEAD
IN THE RIGHT
RESTING
YOUNG FOOL
IN THE FAMILY
ON THE ROAD

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed &. Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the three newsagents from whom the winners of the Three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 499 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 499, can now be seen in the window of Mr. T. Bolton, 11, Westmoreland Street, New Cavendish Street, W.1.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—A MOCKERY. *Bullet*:—HOUSELESS BRICKLAYER DRAWING DOLE. *Example*:—SURE THING. *Bullet*:—"WINDFALL" SAVES "CLIMBING TREE." *Example*:—YOUNG MAN'S FANCY. *Bullet*:—IF PRINCE WEARS IT. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 499, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

No.—— Closing Date, Thursday, October 11.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(499) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed
Address

No.—— Closing Date, Thursday, October 11.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(499) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed
Address

No.—— Closing Date, Thursday, October 11.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(499) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

No.—— Closing Date, Thursday, October 11.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(499) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Next Week the 'BULLETS' AMAZING 500th OFFER

FIRST PRIZE £2,000

2nd. £500 3rd. £200 4th. £100 5th. £90 6th. £80

and many other big New Prizes

Where have you been since school?

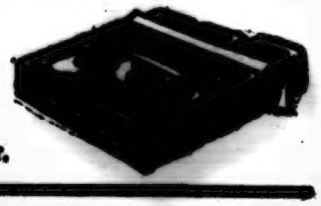
A HEALTHY boy is not generally fond of his own company, and when he's late home from school, depend upon it, he has been in the company of other boys. One boy among the crowd, though apparently well, may be a germ carrier. The game itself may have been played on the unhealthiest spot in the neighbourhood. The risk of infection must be overcome straightaway. To-morrow may be too late. Let your boy enjoy a thorough wash and sure protection with Lifebuoy Soap immediately he comes in.

Lifebuoy Soap is an ideal toilet soap, both from a mother's and a boy's point of view. A boy thoroughly enjoys its fresh, invigorating lather, and mother knows by its clean, antiseptic odour, that a proven disinfectant is combined with the emollient properties of Lifebuoy Soap.

LIFEBUOY SOAP

LIFEBUOY SOAP IS BRIMFUL OF HEALTH.

The name LEVER *on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.*



LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.
L 256—23

The NAB TOWER.

Light *on the* 'Mystery Tower'

THE Nab Lightship has been superseded by the Nab Tower—one of the original "Mystery Towers" constructed at Shoreham. The light—which flashes every 10 seconds and is visible for 16 miles—is furnished by an OSRAM Gasfilled Lamp. A lighthouse lamp must be entirely reliable, and the lamp on the Nab Tower is a 'shining example' of OSRAM *dependability*.

If you want reliable and economic lighting service in the home and in the office and factory you must insist on

Sold by all leading Electrical Contractors, Ironmongers and Stores.

Spinal Nerve Trouble

Remarkable success of Treatment by Dr. Cassell's Tablets of a lady who had been helpless for Twenty Years.

Miss Ellen J. Baron, of Radcliffe, Lancs., has been the victim of spinal nerve trouble for 20 years, and for 19 years of that period has been helpless. Miss Baron was advised to try Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and as a result of this treatment, can now walk about outside with the aid of a stick, whereas previously she never left the house except in a bath chair. The neighbours naturally are astonished Below will be found Miss Baron's signed statement.

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME
and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

Miss Ellen J. Baron's Signed Statement:

272, Bolton Road, Radcliffe, Lancs.

"I suffered for 20 years from spinal nerve trouble, and for 19 years of that period was quite unable to walk. Naturally I had treatment, but stopped it years ago as being useless. A friend suggested that I should take Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and four days after commencing the treatment I was able with difficulty to walk across the floor. Now I can take walks outside with the aid of a stick, though previously I could not leave the house except in a bath chair. The neighbours are amazed at the results already obtained and the improvement continues."

(Signed) ELLEN J. BARON.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Prices 1/3 and 3/-
Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

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